

M O D E R N
BEAUTIES
IN
PROSE AND VERSE,
SELECTED
FROM THE MOST EMINENT AUTHORS;
DESIGNED FOR
GENERAL ENTERTAINMENT;
AND CALCULATED FOR THE
IMPROVEMENT AND AMUSEMENT
OF
Y O U T H

DARLINGTON:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY M. HEAVISIDES

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NEWCASTLE

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MODERN BEAUTIES.

A short System of Virtue and Happiness.

I WILL suppose a virtuous young man forming in his mind the principles of his future conduct, and uttering the result of his reflections in the following soliloquy:

At the age when I arrive at maturity of reason, I perceive myself placed in a world abounding with external objects; and I also perceive within me powers and passions formed to be powerfully excited and affected with them. I am naturally tempted to interrogate myself, what am I? whence came I? and whither am I going?

With a view to satisfy mine own enquiries, I consider others who appear to be just like myself; I listen to the instruction of those who have obtained a reputation for

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wisdom

wisdom ; and I examine, with serious attention, the volumes in which are written the words of the wise.

The result of the whole enquiry is a sincere conviction, that I am placed here to perform many duties, that I originate from a supreme Creator, and that I am going on in the journey of life, to accomplish some of his gracious purposes at the close of it, as well as in its progress.

I divide my duty into three parts, according to the suggestions of my own reason, and the instruction of books. They consist of the obligations which I owe to myself, to others, and to him, in whose hands are both they and I, the great Lord of the universe.

With respect to myself, as I consist of two parts, a body and a mind, my duty to myself again separates itself into two correspondent subdivisions. My body is a machine curiously organized, and easily deranged by excess and irregularity. When disturbed in its œconomy, it subjects me to pain, and disables me from all necessary and pleasant exertion. I owe it therefore to myself, to taste the cup, and partake the banquet, and gratify my senses, no further
than

than those limits which are obviously prescribed by reason and experience. I further learn from the religion of my country, that my body is the temple of the holy spirit. To pollute it with presumptuous transgression cannot but be blasphemy; to devote myself to gluttony, drunkenness, and debauchery, is at once to deaden the growing energies of spiritual life, and to weaken and destroy the subordinate yet necessary parts of me, my animal and material fabric; it is to shorten life, and to disable me from performing its duties while it continues. But I have a mind also capable of rising to high improvements by culture, and of sinking to a brutal stupidity by neglect. I will make use of all the advantages of education. I will devote my hours of leisure to reading and reflection. Elegant letters, as well as useful science, shall claim my attention; for all that tends to polish the mind, tends also to sweeten the temper, and to mitigate the remains of natural ferocity. My mind, as well as my body, is greatly concerned in avoiding intemperance. Eating to excess clouds its brightness, blunts its edge, and, as it were, drags it down to all the grossness of materiality. Intemperate

drinking

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drinking

drinking not only reduces it at the time of its immediate influence to a state of brutality, but gradually destroys all its vigour. The sensual indulgences in general, when they are inordinate and excessive, debase, corrupt, and brutalize. Their delights are transient, and their pains severe and of long duration.

Instead then of running into the danger of temptation during the ardour of my youth, I will fly from the conflict in which my own passions are sure to fight against, and will probably betray me to the enemy. I see, indeed, thousands pursuing pleasure, and professing to have found it in perfection in the haunts of debauchery. But I see them but for a little while. Like the silly insect that flutters with delight around the taper they soon receive some fatal injury in their minds, their persons, or their fortunes and drop in irrecoverable ruin. Alas! I am too much inclined to vice, from the depravity of my nature, and the violence of my passions. I will not add fuel to the fire nor increase the violence of that natural tempest within me, which of itself is sufficient for my destruction. But, at the same time, I will not be a cynic. The world abounds with

with innocent enjoyments. The kind God of nature intended that I should taste them. But moderation is essential to true pleasure. —My own experience, and the experience of mankind from their origin has declared, that whenever pleasure exceeds the bounds of moderation, it is not only highly injurious, but disgustful. In order to enjoy pleasure, I see the necessity of pursuing some business with attention. The vicissitude is necessary to excite an appetite and give a relish. Nay, the very performance of business with skill and success, is attended with a delightful satisfaction, which few boasted pleasures are able to confer.

While I take care of myself, my health, of my improvement in morals and understanding, I will not harbour pride, or look down with superciliousness or ill-nature on those who live, as it were, at random, and who acknowledge no other guide of their conduct, but the sudden impulse of a temporary inclination. With all my improvements and endeavours, I shall still feel imperfections enough to humble me. Candour and humility are some of the least fallible marks of sound sense and sincere virtue. I shall have sufficient employment in

correcting myself; nor shall I presume to censure others, unless my profession or relative situation renders it my duty.

My duty to myself, is, indeed, intimately connected with my duty to others. By preserving the faculties of my mind and body, and by improving them to the utmost, I am enabled to exert them with effect in the service of society.

I am connected with others by the ties of consanguinity and friendship, and by the common bond of partaking in the same humanity. As a son, I should be tender and dutiful; as a brother, uniformly affectionate; as a husband, faithful and friendly; as a father, kind and provident; as a man, benevolent to men in whatever circumstances, and however separated from me by country, religion or government.

But universal benevolence must not be an inactive principle. If it proceed not to real beneficence, I fear it will have more of ostentation in it than sincerity. I will then prove its sincerity by doing good, and removing evil of every kind, as far as my abilities allow me, and my influence extends.

But before I pretend to generosity, I will be strictly just. Truth shall regulate my

my words, and equity my actions. If I am engaged in a profession, I will do the duties of it; if in merchandize, I will take no advantage of the ignorant, nor debase my character, nor wound my conscience, for the sake of lucre. In all my intercourse with society, I will recollect that heavenly precept of doing to others as I wish they should to me, and I will endeavour to obey it. I may, I certainly shall offend from the violence of my passions, the weakness of my judgment, the perverseness of my will, and from mistake and misapprehension. But while I keep the evangelical rule in view, and sincerely labour to conform to it, I shall seldom commit such offences against others, as will be either permanently or deeply injurious.

With respect to my duty to my Creator, I derive an argument in favour of religion, from the feelings of my own bosom, superior to the most elaborate subtilties of human ingenuity. In the hour of distress, my heart as naturally flies for succour to the Deity, as when hungry or thirsty I seek for food or water: or when weary, repose. In religion I look for comfort, and in religion I always find it. Devotion supplies
me

me with a pure and exalted pleasure. It elevates my soul, and teaches me to look down with a proper contempt upon many objects which are easily sought, but which end in misery. In this respect, and in many others, it effects, in the best and most compendious method, what has been in vain pretended to by proud philosophy.

And in selecting a mode or peculiar system of religion, I shall consider what that was, in which my father lived and died. I find it to have been the religion of Christ. I examine it with reverence. I encounter many difficulties, but, at the same time, I feel within me an internal evidence, which, uniting its force with the external, forbids me to disbelieve. When involuntary doubts arise, I immediately silence their importunity by recollecting the weakness of my judgment, and the vain presumption of hastily deciding on the most important of all subjects, against such powerful evidence, and against the major part of the civilized world.

I will learn humility of the humble Jesus, and gratefully accept the beneficial doctrines and glorious offers which his benign religion reaches out to all, who sincerely seek him by prayer and penitence. In

In vain shall the conceited philosophers, whom fashion and ignorance admire, attempt to weaken my belief, or undermine the principles of morality. Without their aid, I can be sufficiently wicked, and sufficiently miserable. Human life abounds with evil. I will seek balsams for the wounds of the heart in the sweets of innocence, and in the consolations of religion. Virtue, I am convinced is the noblest ornament of humanity, and the source of the sublimest and the sweetest pleasure; and piety leads to that peace, which the world, and all that it possesses, cannot bestow. Let others enjoy the pride and pleasure of being called philosophers, deists, sceptics; be mine the real, unostentatious qualities of the honest, humble, and charitable Christian. When the gaudy glories of fashion and of vain philosophy shall have withered like a short lived flower, sincere piety and moral honesty shall flourish as the cedar of Lebanon.

But I repress my triumphs. After all my improvements, and all my pantings for perfection, I shall still be greatly defective. Therefore, to whatever degree of excellence I advance, let me never forget to shew to others that indulgence, which my infirmities,

infirmities, my errors and my voluntary misconduct, will require both from them and from mine, and their Almighty and most merciful Father.

ADVENTURES of a BASHFUL MAN.

*They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The strangest mortal ever known.*

YOU must know, that, in my person, I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme sensibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full blown rose. Having been sent to the university by my father, a farmer of no great property, the consciousness of my unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life. But from that peaceful retreat I was called by the deaths of my father and of a rich uncle, who left me a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. I now purchased an estate in the country; and my company was much courted by the surrounding families, especially such as had marriageable

marriageable daughters. Though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I was forced repeatedly to excuse myself, under the pretence of not being quite settled: for often, when I have rode or walked with full intention of returning their visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have returned homeward, resolving to try again, next day. Determined, however, at length to conquer my timidity, I accepted of an invitation to dine with one, whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome.

Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, joining to that I purchased; he has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly Hall, dependant on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches, 'grown gentlemen to dance'; and though I at first found wonderful difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due

due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but unfortunately in bringing back my left foot to the third position I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress; and of that description the number I believe is very small.

small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek-classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I suppose, willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board which by leather

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and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a wedgwood ink-stand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall, and suite of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the
whole

whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my cloaths, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me: spilling a sauce boat, or knocking down a salt seller; rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me; in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting.

from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of my torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application: one recommended oil, another water; but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was ordered me from the side board, which I snatched up with eagerness: but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flead and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration this accident had caused

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ed, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill fated handkerchief which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support the shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.



The two BEES.

ON a fine morning in May; two bees set forward in quest of honey; the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a time on the various dainties that were spread before them: the one loading his thigh at intervals with provisions for the hive against the distant winter; the other revelling in sweets, without regard to any thing but his present.

present gratification. At length they found a wide mouthed phial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless epicure, spite of all his friends remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The philosopher, on the other hand, sipped a little with caution, but being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers; where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening however, he called upon his friend, to enquire whether he would return to the hive; but found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave, as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament with his latest breath, that, though a taste of pleasure might quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction.

A Dialogue betwixt MERCURY, an English
Duellist, and a North American
SAVAGE.

Duellist.

MERCURY, Charon's boat is on the other side of the water; allow me, before it returns, to have some conversation with the North American Savage, whom you brought hither at the same time as you conducted me to the shades. I never saw one of that species before, and am curious to know what the animal is. He looks very grim.—Pray, Sir, what is your name? I understand you speak English.

Savage. Yes, I learned it in my childhood, having being bred up some years in the town of New-York: but before I was a man I returned to my countrymen, the valiant Mohawks; and being cheated by one of yours in the sale of some rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the hatchet for them with the rest of my tribe in the war against France, and was killed while I was out upon a scalping party. But I died very well satisfied: for my friends were victorious, and before I was shot I had scalped seven men and five women and children. In a former

former war I had done still greater exploits. My name is the Bloody Bear: it was given me to express my fierceness and valour.

Duellist. Bloody Bear, I respect you, and am much your humble servant. My name is Tom Pushwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profession a gamester, and man of honour. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honourable single combat, but do not understand cutting the throats of women and children.

Savage. Sir, that is our way of making war. Every nation has its own customs. But by the grimness of your countenance, and that hole in your breast, I presume you were killed, as I was my self, in some scalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your scalp?

Duellist. Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me some money; after two or three years, being in great want himself, he asked me to pay him; I thought his demand an affront to my honour, and sent him a challenge. We met in Hyde-Park; the fellow could not fence: I was the adroitest swordsman in England. I gave him three or four wounds; but at last he
ran

ran upon me with such impetuosity, that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day, as a man of honour should, without any sniveling signs of repentance: and he will follow me soon, for his surgeon has declared his wounds to be mortal. It is said that his wife is dead of her fright, and that his family of seven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged; and that is a comfort.

Savage. Mercury, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman; he has murdered his friend: I say, I won't go in a boat with that fellow, I will swim over the river: I can swim like a duck.

Mercury. Swim over the Styx! it must not be done; it is against the laws of Pluto's empire. You must go in the boat, and be quiet,

Savage. Do not tell me of laws: I am a Savage: I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Englishman: there are laws in his country, and yet you see he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his fellow-subject, in time of peace, because he asked him to pay a debt. I know

that the English are a barbarous nation; but they cannot be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

Mercury. You reason well against him. But how comes it that you are so offended with murder: you, who have massacred women in their sleep, and children in their cradles?

Savage. I killed none but my enemies; I never killed my own countrymen: I never killed my friend. Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but see that the murderer does not sit upon it, or touch it; if he does I will burn it in the fire I see yonder. Farewell.—I am resolved to swim over the water.

Mercury. By this touch of my wand I take all thy strength from thee.—Swim now if thou canst.

Savage. This is a very potent enchanter. Restore me my strength and I will obey thee.

Mercury. I restore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you, otherwise worse will befall you.

Duellist. Mercury, leave him to me. I will tutor him for you. Sirrah, Savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my company?

company? Dost thou know that I have kept the best company in England?

Savage. I know thou art a scoundrel.—Not pay thy debts! kill thy friend who lent thee money, for asking thee for it! Get out of my sight. I will drive thee into Styx.

Mercury. Stop.—I command thee.—No violence.—Talk to him calmly.

Savage. I must obey thee.—Well, Sir, let me know what merit you had to introduce you into good company? What could you do?

Duellist. Sir, I gamed, as I told you.—Besides, I kept a good table.—I eat as well as any man in England or France.

Savage. Eat! Did you ever eat the chine of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his shouldeſ? there is fine eating! I have eat twenty.—My table was always well ſerved. My wife was the beſt cook for dreſſing man's fleſh in all North America. You will not pretend to compare your eating with mine.

Duellist. I danced very finely.

Savage. I will dance with thee for thy ears.—I can dance all day long. I can dance the war dance with more ſpirit and vigour than any man of my nation: let us ſee thee
begin

begin it. How thou standest like a post! Has Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling rod? or art thou ashamed to let us see how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way thou hast not yet learnt. I would make thee caper and leap like a buck. But what else canst thou do, thou bragging rascal?

Duellist. Oh, heavens! must I bear this? what can I do with this fellow? I have neither sword nor pistol; and his shade seems to be twice as strong as mine.

Mercury. You must answer his questions. It was your own desire to have a conversation with him. He is not well bred; but he will tell you some truths which you must hear in this place. It would have been well for you if you had heard them above. He asked you what you could do besides eating and dancing.

Duellist. I sung very agreeably.

Savage. Let me hear you sing your death song or the war-hoop. I challenge you to sing.—The fellow is mute.—Mercury, this is a liar.—He tells us nothing but lies. Let me pull out his tongue.

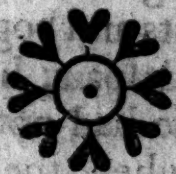
Duellist. The lie given me!—and, alas! I dare not resent it. oh, what a disgrace
to

to the family of the Pushwells! this is indeed damnation.

Mercury. Here, Charon, take these two savages to your care. How far the barbarism of the Mohawk will excuse his horrid acts, I leave Minos to judge; but the Englishman, what excuse can he plead? The custom of duelling? A bad excuse at the best! but in his case cannot avail. The spirit that made him draw his sword in this combat against his friend is not that of honour; it is the spirit of the furies, of Alecto herself. To her he must go, for she hath long dwelt in his merciless bosom.

Savage. If he is to be punished, turn him over to me. I understand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin with this kick on your breech. Get you into the boat, or I'll give you another. I am impatient to have you condemned.

Duellist. Oh, my honour, my honour, to what infamy art thou fallen.



C

Sir

SIR BERTRAND: A Fragment.

—SIR Bertrand turned his steed towards the wolds, hoping to cross these dreary moors before the curlew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracts, and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he should direct his course.—Night overtook him in this situation. It was one of those nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering sky. Now and then she suddenly emerged in full splendour from her veil; and then instantly retired behind it, having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended prospect over the desolate waste. Hope and native courage awhile urged him to push forwards, but at length the encreasing darkness and fatigue of body and mind overcame him; he dreaded moving from the ground he stood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs, and alighting from his horse in despair, he threw himself on the ground. He had not long continued in that posture, when the fullen toll of a distant

distant bell struck his ears—he started up, and turning towards the sound, discerned a dim twinkling light. Instantly he seized his horse's bridle, and with cautious steps advanced towards it. After a painful march, he was stopt by a moated ditch, furrounding the place from whence the light proceeded: and by a momentary glimpse of moon-light he had a full view of a large antique mansion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were strongly marked on every thing about it.—The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demolished, and the windows broken and dismantled. A draw bridge, with a ruinous gateway at each end, led to the court before the building—He entered and instantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along and vanished; at the same moment the moon sunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was silent—Sir Bertrand fastened his steed under a shed, and approaching the house traversed its whole front with light and slow footsteps.—All was still as death—He looked in at the lower windows, but could not distinguish a

single object through the impenetrable gloom. After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch, and seizing a massy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up and hesitating, at length struck a loud stroke. The noise resounded through the whole mansion with hollow echoes. All was still again—He repeated the stroke more boldly and louder—Another interval of silence ensued—A third time he knocked, and a third time all was still. He then fell back to some distance, that he might discern whether any light could be seen in the whole front—It again appeared in the same place, and quickly glided away as before—at the same instant a deep fullen toll sounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful stop—He was a while motionless; then terror obliged him to make some hasty steps towards his steed—but shame stopt his flight; and urged by honour, and a resistless desire of finishing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his soul to a full steadiness of resolution, he drew forth his sword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door creaking upon its hinges, reluctantly yielded to his hand—he applied his

his shoulder to it and forced it open—he quitted it and stepped forward—the door instantly shut with a thundering clap.—Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled—he turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could seize it—but his utmost strength could not open it again. After several ineffectual attempts he looked behind him, and beheld across a hall, upon a large stair-case, a pale blueish flame, which cast a dismal gleam of light around. He again summoned forth his courage, and advanced towards it—It retired. He came to the foot of the stairs, and after a moments deliberation ascended. He went slowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery—The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in silent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footsteps startled him. It led him to the foot of another stair-case and then vanished.—At the same instant another toll sounded from the turret.—Sir Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart.—He was now in total darkness, and with his arms extended, began to ascend the second stair-case. A dead cold hand met his left hand and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured

voured to disengage himself but could not—he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless in his.—He dropt it and rushed forward with a desperate valour. The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stone. The stair-case grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open—it led to an intricate winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to shew the nature of the place. Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan sounded at a distance through the vault—He went forwards, and proceeding beyond the first turning, he discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him. He followed it. The vault, at length, suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thrusting forwards the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing gesture, and brandishing his sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly sprung forward; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure,
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it instantly vanished, letting fall an iron massy key. The flame now rested upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin rested upon a bier, with a taper burning on each side of it. Along the room on each side were gigantic statues of black marble, attired in the Moorish habit, and holding enormous sabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the Knight entered; at the same time the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame still glided forwards, and Sir Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly, a lady in a shroud and black veil rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him, at the same time the statues clashed their sabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady and clasped her in his arms—he threw up her veil and kissed his lips, and instantly the whole building shook as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible crash

crash. Sir Bertrand was thrown into a sudden trance, and on recovering, found himself on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure crystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle. The doors opening to soft music, a Lady of incomparable beauty, attired in amazing splendour, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the Graces.—She advanced to the Knight, and falling on her knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head, and the Lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The nymphs placed themselves at the table, and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast; delicious music playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment—he could only return their honours by courteous looks and gestures. After the banquet was finished, all retired but the Lady, who leading back the Knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words: —

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On PITY.

AS blossoms and flowers are strewed up-
on the earth by the hand of spring,
as the kindness of summer produceth in per-
fection the bounties of harvest; so the smiles
of pity shed blessings on the children of
misfortune.

He who pitieth another, recommendeth
himself; but he who is without compassion,
deserveth it not.

The butcher relenteth not at the bleating
of the lamb; neither is the heart of the
cruel moved with distress.

But the tears of the compassionate are
sweeter than dew drops falling from roses
on the bosom of the spring.

Shut not thine ear therefore against the
cries of the poor; neither harden thine heart
against the calamities of the innocent.

When the fatherless call upon thee, when
the widow's heart is sunk, and she implo-
reth thy assistance with tears of sorrow; O
pity her affliction, and extend thy hand to
those who have none to help them.

When thou seest the naked wanderer of
the street, shivering with cold, and destitute
of habitation; let bounty open thine heart,
let

let the wings of charity shelter him from death; that thine own soul may live.

Whilst the poor man groaneth on the bed of sickness, whilst the unfortunate languish in the horrors of a dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity; O how canst thou riot in superfluous enjoyments, regardless of their wants, unfeeling of their woes!



FRATERNAL LOVE.

IN the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Portuguese carracks sailed from Lisbon to Goa, a very great, rich and flourishing colony of that nation in the East-Indies. There were no less than twelve hundred souls, mariners, passengers, priests, and friars, on board one of these vessels. The beginning of their voyage was prosperous; they had doubled the southern extremity of the great continent of Africa, called the cape of Good Hope, and were steering their course north east, to the great continent of India, when some gentlemen on board, who, having studied geography
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and navigation, (arts which reflect honour on the possessors) found in the latitude in which they were then sailing a large ridge of rocks laid down in their sea-charts. They no sooner made this discovery, than they acquainted the captain of the ship with the affair, desiring him to communicate the same to the pilot; which request he immediately granted, recommended him to lie by in the night, and slacken sail by day, until they should be past the danger. It is a custom always among the Portuguese absolutely to commit the sailing part, or the navigation of the vessel to the pilot, who is answerable with his head for the safe conduct or carriage of the king's ships, or those belonging to private traders; and he is under no manner of direction from the captain, who commands in every other respect. The pilot being one of those self sufficient men who think every hint given them by others in the way of their profession derogatory to their understanding, took it as an affront to be taught his art, and instead of complying with the captain's request, actually crowded more sail than the vessel had carried before. They had not sailed many hours, but just about the dawn of day, a terrible
disaster

disaster beset them, which would have been prevented if they had lain by.

The ship struck upon a rock. I leave to the reader's imagination, what a scene of horror this accident must occasion among twelve hundred persons, all in the same inevitable danger; beholding with fearful astonishment, that instantaneous death which now stared them in the face! In this distress, the captain ordered the pinnace to be launched, into which having tossed a small quantity of biscuit, and some boxes of marmalade, he jumped in himself with nineteen others, who, with their swords, prevented the coming in of any more, lest the boat should sink. In this condition they put off into the great Indian ocean, without a compass to steer by, or any fresh water but what might happen to fall from the heavens, whose mercy alone could deliver them. After they had rowed to and fro four days in this miserable condition, the captain, who had been for some time very sick and weak, died: this added, if possible, to their misery; for as they now fell into confusion, every one would govern, and none would obey. This obliged them to elect one of their own company to command

mand them, whose orders they implicitly agreed to follow. This person proposed to the company to draw lots, and to cast every fourth man over-board; as their small stock of provisions was so far spent, as not to be able at a very short allowance to sustain life above three days longer. They were now nineteen persons in all: in this number were a friar and a carpenter, both of whom they would exempt, as the one was useful to absolve and comfort them in their last extremity, and the other to repair the pinnacle in case of a leak or other accident. The same compliment they paid to their new captain he being the odd man, and his life of much consequence. He refused their indulgence a great while; but at last they obliged him to acquiesce, so that they were four to die out of the sixteen remaining persons. The three first, after having confessed and received absolution, submitted to their fate. The fourth, whom fortune condemned, was a Portuguese gentleman that had a younger brother in the boat, who seeing him about to be thrown overboard, most tenderly embraced him, and with tears in his eyes besought him to let him die in his room, enforcing his arguments by telling him that

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he was a married man, and had a wife and children at Goa, besides the care of three sisters, who absolutely depended upon him; that as for himself, he was single, and his life of no great importance: he therefore conjured him to suffer him to supply his place. The elder brother, astonished, and melting with this generosity, replied, that since the divine providence had appointed him to suffer, it would be wicked and unjust to permit any other to die for him, especially a brother, to whom he was so infinitely obliged. The younger, persisting in his purpose, would take no denial; but throwing himself on his knees, held his brother so fast, that the company could not disengage them. Thus they disputed for a while, the elder brother bidding him be a father to his children, and recommended his wife to his protection, and as he would inherit his estate, to take care of their common sisters: but all he could say could not make the younger desist. This was a scene of tenderness that must fill every breast susceptible of generous impressions with pity. At last the constancy of the elder brother yielded to the piety of the other. He acquiesced, and suffered the gallant youth

to

to supply his place, who being cast into the sea, and a good swimmer, soon got to the stern of the pinnace, and laid hold of the rudder with his right hand, which being perceived by one of the sailors, he cut off the hand with his sword; then dropping into the sea, he presently caught hold again with his left, which received the same fate by a second blow; thus dismembered of both hands, he made a shift notwithstanding to keep himself above water with his feet and two stumps, which he held bleeding upwards.

This moving spectacle so raised the pity of the whole company, that they cried out, he is but one man, let us endeavour to save his life; and he was accordingly taken into the boat, where he had his hands bound up as well as the place and circumstances could permit. They rowed all that night and the next morning; when the sun arose, as if heaven would reward the gallantry and piety of this young man, they discovered land, which proved to be the mountain Mozambique, in Africa; not far from a Portuguese colony. Thither they all safe arrived, where they remained until the next ship from Lisbon passed by and carried them to Goa.

LIBERTY and SLAVERY.

DISGUISE thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! said I—still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—’Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change—no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled!—gracious Heaven! cried I,—grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy Divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!—I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groupes in it did but distract me.

I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture. I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish! in thirty years the western breeze had not fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice—his children—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains

upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.



ON PROFLIGACY IN YOUTH.

THERE are those who consider early profligacy as a mark of that spirit, which seldom fails to produce, in the subsequent periods of life, a wise and virtuous character. The example of Henry the fifth, is often cited in confirmation of their opinion. Shakespeare has indeed represented his errors and reformation in so amiable a light, that many are not displeased when they see a young man beginning his career in debauchery. While there is an appearance of spirit they regard not the vice.

The example of Henry the fifth has been applied particularly to heirs apparent of the crown. If the future king is found to be early initiated in the excesses of sensuality, it is a favorable presage, and we are referred to the example of Falstaff's Hal. If he de-
vote

vote his time to drinking, and be actually involved in continual intoxication, it is all the better, for do we not recollect Hal's exploits at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap? Dame Quickly, Doll Tearsheet, are illustrious instances to prove what company a prince should keep in order to become hereafter a great king. It is in the haunts of intemperance and vice, and in the company of sycophants and knaves, that he is, according to the vulgar phrase, to sow his wild oats, to spend the exuberance of his spirit, to subdue the ebullition of his blood, and to acquire a valuable species of moral experience.

It is true, indeed, that Henry the fifth is a remarkable instance of early profligacy and subsequent reformation. He is a remarkable, because he is a rare instance. For one who succeeds as he did, a thousand become either incurable debauchees, drunkards and rogues, ruin their character and fortunes, or die under the operation of so rough an experiment. We hear not of those who are obliged to go to the East Indies, to hide themselves on the continent, to sculk in the garrets of blind alleys, to spend their days in goals, or are early carried to the church yard, amidst the thanks and rejoicings

rejoicings of their friends for so happy a deliverance from shame and ruin. But if one wild youth becomes but a tolerable good man, we are struck with the metamorphose, as we are with every thing uncommon. We exaggerate his goodness, by comparing it with his previous depravity. We cite the example, as a consolatory topic, wherever we behold a young man, as the Scripture beautifully expresses it, walking in the ways of his own heart, and in the sight of his own eyes.

We talk as if we almost congratulated a parent, when his son has spirit enough to violate, not only the rules of decency, but also the most sacred laws of morality and religion.

Such fatal ideas have broken the heart of many a feeling and virtuous father. They have brought his hairs, before they were grey, to the grave. I have been much pleased with a passage in the sermons of the late worthy Dr. Ogden, in which he recommends regularity and virtue to young men solely for the sake of their parents. "Stop young man," says he, "stop a little to look towards thy poor parents. Think it not too much to bestow a moment."

“ ments reflection on those who never for-
 “ got thee. Remember all—all indeed
 “ thou canst not; alas! ill had been thy
 “ lot, had not their care begun, before thou
 “ couldst remember or know any thing.
 “ Now so proud, and self willed, inexo-
 “ rable, then couldst thou only ask by wail-
 “ ing, and move them with thy tears. And
 “ they were moved. Their hearts were
 “ touched by thy distress; they relieved and
 “ watched thy wants before thou knewest
 “ thine own necessities, or their kindness.
 “ They clothed thee; thou knewest not
 “ that thou wast naked: thou askedst not
 “ for bread; but they fed thee. And ever
 “ since—for the particulars are too many
 “ to be recounted, and too many surely to
 “ be all utterly forgotten, it has been the
 “ very principal endeavour, employment,
 “ and study of their lives to do service un-
 “ to thee. If by all these endeavours they
 “ can obtain their child's comfort, they
 “ arrive at the full accomplishment of their
 “ wishes. They have no higher object of
 “ their ambition. Be thou but happy and
 “ they are so.
 “ And now tell me, is not something to
 “ be done, I do not now say for thyself,
 but

“ but for them? if it be too much to desire
“ of thee to be good, and wise, and virtu-
“ ous, and happy for thy own sake, yet be
“ happy for theirs. Think that a sober,
“ upright, and let me add, religious life,
“ besides the blessings it will bring upon
“ thy own head, will be a fountain of un-
“ feigned comfort to thy declining parents,
“ and make the heart of the aged sing for
“ joy.

“ What shall we say? which of these is
“ happy? the son that maketh a glad fa-
“ ther? or the father blessed with such a
“ son?

“ Fortunate young man! who hast a
“ heart open so early to virtuous delights,
“ and canst find thy own happiness in re-
“ turning thy father's blessing upon his own
“ head!

“ And happy father! whose years have
“ prolonged, not, as it often happens to
“ see his comforts fall from him one after
“ another, and to become at once old and
“ destitute; but to taste a new pleasure,
“ not to be found among the pleasures of
“ youth, reserved for his age; to reap the
“ harvest of all his cares and labours, in
“ the duty, affection, and felicity of his
“ dear

“ dear child. His very look bespeaks the
 “ inward satisfaction of his heart. The
 “ infirmities of his age set light on him.
 “ He feels not the troubles of life: he smiles
 “ at the approach of death, sees himself
 “ still living and honoured in the memo-
 “ ry and person of his son, his other dearer
 “ self; and passes down to the receptacle
 “ of all the living, in the fulness of con-
 “ tent and joy.

“ How unlike to this is the condition of
 “ him who has the affliction to be the fa-
 “ ther of a wicked offspring! poor, unhap-
 “ py man! no sorrow is like unto thy sor-
 “ row. Diseases and death are blessings;
 “ if compared with the anguish of thy
 “ heart, when thou seest thy dear children
 “ run heedlessly and headlong in the ways
 “ of sin, forgetful of their parents counsel,
 “ and their own happiness. Unfortunate
 “ old man! How often does he wish he
 “ had never been born, or had been cut
 “ off before he was a father? no reflection
 “ is able to afford him consolation. He
 “ grows old betimes; and the afflictions of
 “ age are doubled on his head. In vain
 “ are instruments of pleasure brought forth.
 “ His soul refuses comfort. Every bles-
 sing

“sing of life is lost upon him. No success
“is able to give him joy. His triumphs
“are like that of David; while his friends,
“captains, and soldiers, were rending the
“air with shouts of victory—he poor conqueror,
“went up, as it is written, to the
“chamber over the gate and wept: and as
“he went thus he said; O, my son Absalom!
“my son, my son Absalom! would
“to God I had died for thee! O Absalom,
“my son, my son.”

I have introduced this passage, with a hope that gay and thoughtless young men may be properly affected by it; and though they should have no regard for themselves, that they should be led to have pity on their poor parents, and to choose the right way, that they may not cause affliction to him who has often dandled them in his arms, nor to her at whose breast they hung in the sweet and innocent period of their infancy. It is indeed a melancholy consideration that children who have been the delight of their parents during the earlier ages, no sooner arrive at maturity, than they often prove a scourge and a curse. They hurry those out of the world who brought them into it. They embitter the old age of those who devoted

voted the health and strength of manhood to their welfare and support. Sad return! to plant the pillow of reclining age with thorns!—O have pity, have pity on your father—behold him with tottering step approaching you! With suppliant hands, and tears in his eyes, he begs you—to do what? to be good and happy. O spare him, wipe away his tears: make him happy, be so yourself,—so when it shall be your turn to be a father, may you never feel the pangs you have already inflicted!

There are parents, indeed, who seem to have but little concern but for the pecuniary interest, or worldly advancement of their children. While their children excel in dress, address, simulation and dissimulation, they are allowed to be as debauched and immoral as they please.—While they possess a poor, mean and contemptible kind of wisdom, commonly called the knowledge of the world, their parents are perfectly easy; though they should be notoriously guilty of every base artifice and plunged in the grossest and most unlawful species of sensuality. That poor man Lord Chesterfield, was one of those parents who are ready to sacrifice their children's honour, conscience, and salvation

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on, for the sake of gaining a little of the little honours and riches of a world, where not even the highest honours of the most abundant riches are comparable to the possession of an honest heart. That wretched Lord seemed to have entertained very little natural affection for his spurious offspring. His paternal attention was all avarice and ambition. He would probably have been delighted if his son had been at an early age a debauchee. He would have thought the spirit which vice displayed, a sure prognostic of future eminence. Providence defeated his purpose, and permitted his letters to be exhibited as a loathsome monument of wickedness, vanity, and worldly wisdom. Such wisdom is indeed usually folly, even where its effects and consequences are confined to the present period of existence.

Every father then, and every mother who deserve that tender and venerable appellation will strenuously endeavour, whatever have been their own errors and vices, to preserve those they have introduced into a troublesome world from the foul contagion and pollution of vice. If they have any regard for their children, for their country, for themselves, they will use every probable

probable means to rescue the rising generation from early profligacy,—Selfish motives often prevail when all others are inefficacious. I repeat then, that, for their own sakes, they must guard their offspring from riot, intemperance, and prodigality. If they are misguided by the example of Henry the fifth, or any other reformed rake, so as to encourage their children in evil, or even to be negligent of them, they will probably repent in the days of old age, and find poverty, shame, and anguish, superadded to the weight of years, and the unavoidable evils of a natural decay.



A Dialogue between MERCURY and a modern fine LADY.

M*RS. Modish.* Indeed Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon you now. I am engaged, absolutely engaged.

Mercury. I know you have an amiable affectionate husband, and several fine children: but you need not be told, that neither conjugal attachments, maternal affections nor even the care of a kingdom's welfare or a nation's glory, can excuse a person who has received a summons to the realms of death. If the grim messenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a passenger (except now and then an hypochondriacal Englishman) once in a century. You must be content to leave your husband and family, and pass the Styx.

Mrs. Modish. I did not mean to insist on any engagement with my husband and children; I never thought myself engaged to them. I had no engagements but such as were common to women of my rank. Look on my chimney piece and you will see I was engaged to the play on Mondays, balls on Tuesdays, the opera on Saturdays,
and

and to card assemblies the rest of the week, for two months to come; and it would be the rudest thing in the world not to keep my appointments. If you will stay for me till the summer season, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elyfian fields may be less detestable than the country in our world. Pray, have you a fine Vauxhall and Ranelagh? I think I should not dislike drinking the Lethe waters, when you have a full season.

Mercury. Surely you could not like to drink the waters of oblivion, who have made pleasure, the business, end, and aim of your life! It is good to drown cares; but who would wash away the remembrance of a life of gaiety and pleasure?

Mrs. Modish. Diversion was indeed the business of my life; but as to pleasure, I have enjoyed none since the novelty of my amusements were gone off. Can one be pleased with seeing the same thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the vapours, spoiled the natural cheerfulness of my temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

Mercury. If this way of life did not give you pleasure, why did you continue in it? I suppose you did not think it was very meritorious!

Mrs. Modish. I was too much engaged to think at all: so far indeed my manner of life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diversions were necessary, and my doctor assured me dissipation was good for my spirits; my husband insisted that it was not; and you know that one loves to oblige one's friends, comply with one's doctor, and contradict one's husband; and besides, I was ambitious to be thought *du bon ton*.*

Mercury. Bonton! what's that, Madam? pray define it.

Mrs. Modish. Oh, Sir, excuse me; it is one of the privileges of the bon ton never to define or be defined. It is the child and the parent of jargon. It is—I can never tell you what it is; but I will try to tell you what it is not. In conversation it is not wit; in manners it is not politeness; in behaviour it is not address; but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain persons who have not certain virtues, and who have certain vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town

* *Du bon ton* is a cant phrase in the modern French language, for the fashionable air of conversation and manners.

town. Like a place by courtesy, it gets a higher rank than the person can claim, but which those who have a legal title to precedence dare not dispute, for fear of being thought not to understand the rules of politeness. Now, Sir I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

Mercury. Then, Madam, you have wasted your time, faded your beauty, and destroyed your health, for the laudable purposes of contradicting your husband, and being this something and this nothing called the *bon ton*?

Mrs. Modish. What would you have had me do?

Mercury. I will follow your mode of instructing: I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you sacrifice your time, your reason, and your duties to fashion and folly. I would not have had you neglect your husband's happiness, and your children's education.

Mrs. Modish. As to the education of my daughters I spared no expence: they had a dancing-master, music-master, and drawing-master, and a French Governess to teach them behaviour and the French language.

Mercury.

Mercury. So their religion, sentiments, and manners, were to be learnt, from a dancing-master, music-master and a chamber-maid ! perhaps they might prepare them to catch the bon ton. Your daughters must have been so educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am sorry for the sort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have just concluded. Minos is a four old gentleman, without the least smattering of the bon ton ; and I am in a fright for you. The best thing I can advise you is, to do in this world as you did in the other, keep happiness in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this side the Styx ; wander about without end or aim ; look into the Elysian fields, but never attempt to enter them, lest Minos should push you into Tartarus : for duties neglected may bring on a sentence not much less severe than crimes committed.



FILIAL

FILIAL DUTY.

MR. Hastings was a reputable tradesman in a considerable country town. He married young, and had a numerous family, over whom, as his temper was hasty and ungoverned, he exercised the paternal authority with harshness and caprice. His wife, a pattern of female mildness and gentleness, made it her sole study, by every softening and conciliatory art, to keep her husband in good humour with herself and her children, but too often failed in both. Charles, their eldest son, had one of those dispositions, which, though easily managed by prudent and gentle methods, always revolt against the exertions of passionate and rigorous authority. It was therefore impossible that he should avoid frequent and angry disputes with his father, whose sternness and severity he returned with sullen unyielding obstinacy. These unhappy contests acquired such additional force with increasing years, that when the youth had reached the age of fifteen, his father, in consequence of a violent quarrel in which he could not bring him to submission, turned him out of doors, with an injunction never to see his face again. The

The lad's spirit was too high to render a repetition of the command necessary. Unprovided as he was, he set out immediately, on foot, for London; where arriving, after much hardship and fatigue, he found out an East-Indian captain with whom his father had some acquaintance, and, after much solicitation, obtained leave to accompany him in a voyage which commenced in a few days.

Exasperated as Mr. Hastings was, he could not help feeling considerable regret, on finding that his son had so well obeyed the command which his passion had dictated; and the mother, for whom the youth had always testified the greatest affection and respect, was long inconsolable. From all their enquiries, they were only able to learn that their son was gone to sea, but to what part, or in what situation, they could never discover.

To this cause of distress was soon added that of a decline in their circumstances, owing to repeated losses in trade. After the ineffectual struggle of a few years, they were obliged to retire to a small house in a neighbouring village, where, consumed by
grief

grief, with health and spirits broken, they brought up their family in indigence and obscurity.

One advantage, however accrued to Mr. Hastings in his misfortunes. His temper was gradually softened; his passions subsided; he attempted to relieve by kindness his partners in affliction, and behaved with the greatest tenderness and regard to his wife, of whose amiable qualities he became every day more sensible.

Charles, in the mean time, was passing through a variety of fortune. His first setting out was very unfavourable. The captain, to whom he had greatly recommended himself by his assiduities, died, on the passage; and he was set on shore at Madras, without money, without a patron, or a friend.

He was almost ready to perish for want, when an opulent merchant of the factory took compassion on him, and carried him to his house. After experiencing his diligence and fidelity for some time in a very low station, the gentleman advanced him to his counting-house, and initiated him in the commercial business of the settlement.

During

During a short probation of this office, the youth exhibited such tokens of capacity, that he was thought a proper person to be sent to a distance up the country, to a trading port of some consequence. He here managed some difficult and important concerns with so much address, and acted on some critical emergencies with such propriety and resolution, that he acquired the confidence of the whole factory. He was soon promoted to a lucrative and honourable station, and began to make a fortune with the rapidity peculiar to that country.

The impression of injury with which he had left his father's house, and the subsequent hardships he underwent, for a long time stifled every emotion of filial affection. He never thought of home but as the scene of severe and unmerited chastisement, and resolved never to return to it without a full acknowledgement of the injustice of his expulsion. By degrees, however, as better prospects opened upon him, his heart began to relent. He melted at the recollection of the uniform kindness of his mother, and the playful endearments of his brothers and sisters. He even formed excuses for his father's severity, and condemned his own
obstinacy

obstinacy as, at least, equally blameable. He grew so uneasy under these impressions, that not all the flattering prospects before him could induce him to delay any longer an interview which he so ardently desired. He collected all his property, and took his passage for England, where he arrived safe, after an absence of nine years.

On his landing he met with a townsman, who informed him of the melancholy change in his father's situation. With a heart agitated by every tender emotion, he instantly set off for the place of their abode.

It was towards the approach of evening, when the unhappy couple, in melancholy despondence, sat by their gloomy fire. A letter which Mr. Hastings had that day received from the landlord of his little habitation, to whom he was somewhat in arrear, threw more than usual dejection over the family. Holding the letter in his hand, "What shall we do?" said he—"he threatens to turn us out of doors—Unfeeling man! But how can I expect more mercy from a stranger than I shewed to my own son?"

The reflection was too much for Mrs. Hastings to bear—she wrung her hands—

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fobbed

sobbed and wept bitterly. Not a thought of their present situation dwelt on her mind, she only felt for her long lost son.

The eldest daughter, whose elegance of form was ill concealed by the meanness of her dress, went up to her mother, and while the sympathetic tears trickled down her cheeks, locked a hand in hers, and with the other supported her head. The father sighed from the bottom of his heart; and two youths, his eldest remaining sons, hung over the mournful scene with looks of settled melancholy.

Some of the younger children, as yet unconscious of sorrow, were seated round the door. They ran in with the news that a chaise had stopped before the house, and a fine gentleman was getting out of it. He entered the moment after, when, on viewing the group before him, he had just strength to stagger to a chair, and fainted.

The family crowded round him, and the mother, looking eagerly in his face, cried "My son! my son!" and sunk down beside him. The father stood awhile, with his hands clasped, in stupid astonishment—then dropt on his knee, and exclaimed "Heaven. I thank thee!"—He then flew to his son,

son, took him in his arms, and by his tender embraces recalled him to life. His recollection no sooner returned, than he threw himself at his father's feet, and asked forgiveness. "Forgive thee, Charles!" said the father—"it is I, my child, who ought to intreat forgiveness for the cruel injury I did thee." He then raised him, and again clasped him in his arms, bedewing his face with many tears.

The mother; in the mean time, lay senseless in the arms of her daughter.—The rest of the family, confused and affrighted, knew not what to think of the scene, and the little ones began to cry aloud for their mother, who, indeed, was to all appearance dead. It was long before the assiduities of her son and husband produced any signs of returning life; and when her eyes opened on the object they had so long desired to see, the impression proved again too strong, and violent fits succeeded to fainting. She was carried to bed, where by degrees she recovered serenity enough to behold and embrace her son. All the rest of the family by turns succeeded to the embraces of their brother; and the eldest sister, who easily recollected the beloved companion of her youth.

youth, exhibited marks of the liveliest sensibility.

After the first tender greetings and enquiries were over, Charles briefly related to his parents the various events that had befallen him—softening, however, the distressful parts, lest he should renew sensations already too painful. He concluded with acquainting them, that all he had acquired was theirs—that he gave the whole to their disposal, and should only consider himself as a sharer with the rest of the children.

The generosity and filial piety of this proposal excited their warmest admiration, and occasioned no small compunction in the father for his treatment of such a son. He would not accept the offer in its full extent; but borrowing a considerable share of his son's property, associated him with himself, in a mercantile concern, which enabled him to provide handsomely for the rest of the family, and to pass the rest of his days in ease and content.

To

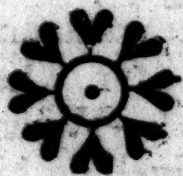
TO THE SEA.

HAIL! thou inexhaustible source of wonder and contemplation!—Hail! thou multitudinous ocean! whose waves chase one another down like the generations of men, and after a momentary space, are immersed for ever in oblivion!—Thy fluctuating waters wash the varied shores of the world, and while they disjoin nations, whom a nearer connection would involve in eternal war, they circulate their arts and their labours, and give health and plenty to mankind.

How glorious! how awful are the scenes thou displayest! whether we view thee when every wind is hushed,—when the morning sun silvers the level line of the horizon—or when its evening tract is marked with flaming gold, and thy unrippled bosom reflects the radiance of the over-arching heavens!—Or whether we behold thee in thy terrors!—When the black tempest sweeps thy swelling billows, and the boiling surge mixes with the clouds.—When death rides the storm,—and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner, whose heart is sinking with dismay!

And yet, mighty deep! 'tis thy surface alone we view—Who can penetrate the secrets of thy wide domain?—What eye can visit thy immense rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation?—Or search out the myriads of objects, whose beauties lie scattered over thy dread abyss?

The mind staggers with the immensity of her own conception—and when she contemplates the flux and reflux of thy tides; which from the beginning of the world were never known to err; how does she shrink at the idea of that Divine Power, which originally laid thy foundation so sure, and whose omnipotent voice hath fixed the limits where thy proud waves shall be stayed?



THE GRATEFUL HIGHWAYMAN;

OR, BENEVOLENCE REWARDED.

A TALE.

AMONG all the feelings to which the human heart is liable, there is none perhaps so lovely as that tender compassion, which induces us to commiserate the distresses, and assist the wants of a fellow creature; even when the methods they had taken to retrieve those necessities might have been injurious to ourselves. Never did this principle operate more powerfully in the breast of any one, than in that of the worthy Mr. Smith. This gentleman was a merchant in the city of London, and gave a striking example, in his own conduct, that the characters of a merchant, a gentleman, and a christian, might with graceful propriety, be blended in one. He had been left heir to a considerable fortune when he was very young, and having been remarkably successful in business, he was, at the time of the adventure which employs my pen, reputed one of the richest citizens in this great metropolis; he was no stranger to the fountain from whence all his blessings.

blessings were derived; and as he considered that part of his fortune which exceeded his own and family's necessities, as being but intrusted to him by heaven, for the benefit of its less-favoured children, his hand was never closed against the petition of the indigent, nor his ear deaf to the cries of the oppressed. As this excellent man was one evening retiring from the hurry of business to his country house, there to forget the fatigues of the day in the company of a beloved wife and infant son, he was stopped in a retired part of the road, by a young man of genteel appearance, indifferently mounted, who in a faltering voice demanded his money. Mr. Smith immediately obeyed, and as he had no servant with him, considering it hazardous to offer any resistance, was preparing to deliver his purse, when the highwayman gave a loud groan; fainted, and fell from his horse apparently lifeless. Mr. Smith was undoubtedly surpris'd; but instantly dismounting, he humanely applied every remedy the time and place would afford him, and after some time succeeded so far, as to restore the unhappy object before him to his senses; he then expostulated with him on terms, wherein

wherein the energy of reason was assisted by the tenderness of compassion, on the unjustifiable action he was about to perpetrate, intreating him, at the same time to communicate the particulars of his situation to him, as to a friend, who he might be assured would render him every assistance his case would admit of. Overcome by a degree of generosity, which to him appeared almost supernatural, the unhappy Fitzgerald (for that proved to be the highwayman's name) threw himself at his benefactor's feet, and after having poured forth his gratitude in the strongest and most affecting terms, he proceeded to inform him, that he had received a liberal education, but having the misfortune to lose his parents when very young, and being cheated of the fortune which they had bequeathed him, by the villany of his guardian, who after having possessed himself of the whole, had embarked for the West Indies, leaving him, scarcely then seventeen years of age, and almost wholly destitute of either money or friends, he was obliged to seek a decent livelihood as usher to an academy.—In this situation he continued about four years, at the expiration of which time, he entered
into

into the matrimonial connexion with an amiable young woman, whom he had tenderly loved, and whose bosom felt with equal warmth the soft emotion. By this endearing relation he had four children, of the last of whom she had now lain-in a fortnight; but unhappily for him he was seized about four months before with a violent fever and ague, which obliged him to leave the school, and confined him wholly to his bed for almost three months, during this period, their necessities obliged them to part with all the comforts, and even necessities they possessed; and before he was able to get out of doors, his wife was taken in labour: in this time of female weakness and distress, she was now destitute of every thing that could render her situation comfortable, and he was at length driven to the dreadful alternative of either infringing the laws of his country, or beholding five objects, dearer to him than his own life, perish before his face. In this desperate situation he had left his habitation, and stopped the first person he met, which proved to be Mr. Smith; but just as he was about to deliver his money, the thoughts of the dreadful action he was performing, together

together with the weakness consequent to his long illness, had reduced him to the condition before noticed: he added, that his wife had an uncle, who was very rich, and to whom she must be sole heiress; but though they had repeatedly applied to him, he could not be prevailed on to afford them the smallest relief. To minds which bear some affinity to that of Mr. Smith, I must leave the task of conjecturing what passed in his bosom during the recital of such a tale as this: and will proceed to inform my readers, that after having obtained a direction to the house of Fitzgerald, he gave him ten guineas for his immediate relief, and promised to call on him the next day. He then left him, and hastened to the partner of his heart, to whom he communicated all that had passed, and who was no less affected at the interesting scene than himself. The next morning he was an early visitor at the appointed place, where he had the united blessings of the whole family, and was received by them as a guardian angel; he there witnessed the truth of the account he had heard; and after supplying them with every necessary, and every comfort they could wish for, he employed all his interest to procure a place
under

under government for Fitzgerald : This he soon accomplished, and got him a post at one of the sea ports, which enabled him to make a decent provision for those most dear to him, while himself enjoyed the heart ennobling transport of having made a whole family happy. But alas ! how uncertain is the lot of mortality, and how liable are even the best men to feel the most poignant calamities ! Not long after this event, Mr. Smith was exposed to one of the greatest trials he was capable of suffering, in the death of a wife, who was one of the best of her sex, and was as tenderly as deservedly beloved by him. For some time he was inconsolable ; at length, however, that pious resignation to the will of the Supreme Being, which he had ever shewn, joined to the care of an only son, (the only surviving pledge of his dear Sophia's affection) so far enabled him to conquer his distress, as gave his friends some hopes that he would entirely overcome it ; but his sufferings were not here to end ; for in less than a twelve-month after her decease, he experienced such repeated losses, both abroad and at home, as reduced his circumstances greatly within their former limits ; and the failure of
of

of a banker, where the residue of his fortune was lodged, soon after compleated his ruin; and this excellent man, whose principal study had been to relieve the wants of his fellow creatures, was now arrested at the suit of a relentless creditor, and hurried away to prison for a debt of three hundred pounds! Here, however, he was not long to remain; for on the third day of his abode in that dismal place, he heard the door open, and saw the delighted Fitzgerald enter, who instantly flew to him, and exclaimed, "You are free, my noble, my heaven-born benefactor! you are free! hasten from these horrid walls to where a grateful family are expecting you." The astonished Mr. Smith obeyed, without answering him, and found Mrs. Fitzgerald impatiently waiting his arrival: They then informed him, that her uncle, mentioned in a former part of this history, was dead, and that Fitzgerald had the day before taken possession of his fortune, and hastened to the house of his benefactor, where he learned his situation, which he flew to relieve. The sequel of their story is short; they immediately entered into partnership, and by a long train of success, Mr. Smith was soon enabled to

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retrieve

retrieve his circumstances, and the happy Fitzgerald had in his turn the delight of having saved his benefactor from destruction.

Pause here, ye fordid and avaricious, (if any such have read my tale) and give one quarter of an hour to reflection; and then tell me whether your bags ever yielded you a satisfaction equal to that of rescuing a fellow creature from misery? Whether all your boasted treasures ever gave you a transport like that of having afforded one hour's happiness to a child of heaven, an heir of immortality.



TENDERNESS.

TENDERNESS TO MOTHERS.

MARK! that parent hen, said a father to his beloved daughter. With what anxious care does she call together her little offspring, and cover them with her expanded wings. The kite is hovering into the air, and, disappointed of his prey, by the care the hen takes of her brood, may, perhaps dart upon the hen herself, and bear her off in his talons.

Does not this sight suggest to you the tenderness and affection of your mother? Her watchful care protected you in the helpless period of your infancy, when she nourished you with her milk, taught your limbs to move, and your tongue to lisp its unformed accents. In childhood, she has mourned over your little griefs, has rejoiced in your innocent delights, has administered to you the healing balm in sickness, and has instilled into your mind the love of truth, of virtue, and of wisdom. Oh! cherish every sentiment of respect to such a mother: she merits your warmest gratitude, esteem, and veneration.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

ONE would think that the larger the company is, in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started in discourse; but, instead of this, we find that conversation is never so much straitened and confined as in numerous assemblies. When a multitude meet together upon any subject of discourse, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted assembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, fashion, news, and the like public topics. In proportion as conversation gets into clubs and knots of friends, it descends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: but the most open, instructive, and unreserved discourse, is that which passes between two persons who are familiar and intimate friends. On these occasions, a man gives a loose to every passion and every thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired opinion of persons and things, tries the beauty and strength of his sentiments, and exposes his whole soul to the examination of his friend.

Tully

Tully was the first who observed, that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy, and dividing our grief; a thought in which he has been followed by all the essayers upon friendship, that have written since his time. Sir Francis Bacon has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendship; and indeed there is no subject of morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things that have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient author, whose book would be regarded by our modern wits, as one of the most shining tracts of morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a Confucius, or of any celebrated Grecian philosopher; I mean the little apocryphal-treatise entitled, "The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach." How finely has he described the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behaviour; and laid down the precept which a late excellent author, has delivered as his own, "That we should have many well-wishers, but few friends;" "Sweet language will multiply friends; and a fair speaking tongue will

‘increase kind greetings.’ ‘Be in peace
‘with many, nevertheless have but one
‘counsellor of a thousand.’ With what
prudence does he caution us in the choice
of our friends; and with what strokes of
nature, I could almost say of humour, has
he described the behaviour of a treacherous
and self-interested friend? ‘If thou wouldest
‘get a friend, prove him first, and be not
‘hasty to credit him: for some man is a
‘friend for his own occasion, and will not
‘abide in the day of trouble. And there is
‘a friend, who being turned to enmity and
‘strife, will discover thy reproach.’ A-
gain, ‘Some friend is a companion at the
‘table, and will not continue in the day of
‘thy affliction: but in thy prosperity he
‘will be as thyself, and will be bold over
‘thy servants. If thou be brought low he
‘will be against thee, and hide himself
‘from thy face.’ What can be more strong
and pointed than the following verse? ‘Se-
‘parate thyself from thine enemies, and
‘take heed of thy friends.’ In the next
words he particularizes one of those fruits
of friendship, which is described at length
by the two famous authors above men-
tioned, and falls into a general elogium of
friendship,

friendship, which is very just, as well as very sublime, 'A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such an one, hath found a treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is invaluable. A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his neighbour; that is, his friend be also.' I do not remember to have met with any saying that has pleased me more than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to express the efficacy of friendship in healing the pains and anguish which naturally cleave to our existence in this world; and am wonderfully pleased with the turn in the last sentence, that a virtuous man shall as a blessing, meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another saying in the same author, which would have been very much admired in an heathen writer; 'Forfake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine: when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure.' With what strength of allusion, and force of thought, has

has he described the breaches and violations of friendship? 'Whoso casteth a stone at the birds, frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his friend, breaketh friendship. Though thou drawest a sword at a friend, yet despair not; for there may be a reconciliation; except for upbraiding, or pride, or disclosing secrets, or a treacherous wound; for, for these things every friend will depart.' We may observe in this, and several other precepts in this author, those little familiar instances and illustrations which are so much admired in the moral writings of Horace and Epictetus. There are very beautiful instances of this nature in the following passages, which are likewise written upon the same subject: 'Whoso discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend, and be faithful unto him; but if thou bewrayest his secrets, follow no more after him; for as a man hath destroyed his enemy, so hast thou the love of thy friend; as one that letteth a bird go out of his hand, so has thou let thy friend go, and shalt not get him again: follow after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a roe escaped

out

‘out of the snare. As for a wound, it may
‘be bound up, and after reviling there may
‘be reconciliation, but he that bewrayeth
‘secrets, is without hope.’

Among the several qualifications of a good friend, this wise man has very justly singled out constancy and faithfulness as the principal: to these, others have added virtue, knowledge, discretion, equality in age and fortune, and, as Cicero calls it, *Moram Comitas*, ‘a pleasantness of temper.’ If I were to give my opinion upon such an exhausted subject, I should join to these other qualifications, a certain equability or evenness of behaviour. A man often contracts a friendship with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a year’s conversation; when on a sudden some latent ill humour breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or suspected at his first entering into an intimacy with him. There are several persons, who, in some certain periods of their lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. Martial has given us a very pretty picture of one of this species in the following epigram:

In

‘ In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
‘ Thou’rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
‘ Hast so much wit and mirth, and spleen about
‘ thee,
‘ There is no living with thee, nor without
‘ thee.’

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a friendship with one, who by these changes and vicissitudes of humour, is sometimes amiable, and sometimes odious: and as most men are at some times in an admirable frame and disposition of mind, it should be one of the greatest tasks of wisdom to keep ourselves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character.

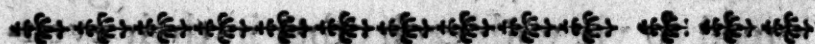


THE

THE FOLLY AND ODIOUSNESS OF
AFFECTATION.

LUCY, Emilia, and Sophronia, seated on a bank of daisies, near a purling stream, were listening to the music of a neighbouring grove. The sun gilded with his beams the western sky; gentle zephyrs breathed around; and the feathered songsters seemed to vie with each other in their evening notes of gratitude and praise. Delighted with the artless melody of the linnet, the goldfinch, the wood-lark, and the thrush, they were all ear, and observed not a peacock, which had strayed from a distant farm, and was approaching them with a majestic pace, and expanded plumage. The harmony of the concert was soon interrupted by the loud and harsh cries of this stately bird; which, though chased away by Emilia, continued his vociferations with the confidence that conscious beauty often inspires. Does this foolish bird, said Lucy, fancy that he is qualified to sing because he is furnished with a spreading tail, ornamented with the richest colours? I know not, replied Sophronia, whether the peacock be capable of such a reflection; but I hope that you
and

and Emilia will always avoid the display of whatever is inconsistent in your sex, your station, or your character. Shun affectation in all its odious forms; assume no borrowed airs; and be content to please, to shine, or to be useful in the way that nature points out, and which reason approves.



AN UNHAPPY FEMALE RELIEVED FROM MOTIVES OF COMPASSION.

Ah! little think the gay, licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround,
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth
And wanton, often cruel riot waste;
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery!

WALKING some nights ago through a bye lane in a remote part of the town, my curiosity was strongly excited by some discourse I heard between two women in a little shop: one of them, who stood behind the counter, exclaimed rather vehemently,

mently, 'I am sorry for her with all my heart; but I cannot afford to give her lodging and food for nothing; and I am resolved she shall leave my house this very night.' The other mildly answered, 'and where will she go, poor soul! she will certainly expire in the street, if you turn her out in such a condition.' 'I cannot help it,' replied the first woman, 'charity begins at home. She owes me already for six weeks board and lodging.' This short discourse was sufficient to satisfy me, that some miserable object in great distress must be the subject of their conversation; and that now was the time for compassion to hold forth her assisting hand to comfort the unhappy. Stepping therefore into the shop, 'Where is the unfortunate wretch,' said I, 'that you are talking of? Perhaps some method may be found to prevent your cruel intention of turning her into the street.' 'Yes, good Sir,' said the woman, 'a little of that money, which, by your appearance, you must have plenty of, would have that effect; and your honour can't have a better opportunity of bestowing your charity.' The woman conducted, and I followed her up a rotten stair-case,

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to

to one of the meanest garrets I ever was in. "There, Sir," said she, (pointing to a miserable bed in one corner of it) "lies the poor creature you desired to see." I approached; but, good God! how shall I express my surprise, at seeing the wretchedness of the object I had before me! a lovely young woman, in the prime of youth, expiring! Death seemed, at this moment, to be performing his last kind office. Her eyes were closed, her features fixed; and, only for some convulsive motions, I should have thought her already dead: her face had still evident remains of the most perfect beauty, though emaciated to a great degree: her person was so poorly covered by the ragged bed cloaths, that it was easily to be seen, she had been uncommonly lovely. Never did the power of compassion operate more strongly on my mind, than at that instant. I broke out into complaints, as if I had been myself the afflicted; and almost arraigned the justice of heaven, for punishing, in so severe a manner, any faults this poor unhappy creature might have committed. Pity had taken such possession of my soul, I forgot, for

for some moments, that now was the only time to try if human assistance would avail her any thing; for, in all probability, a delay but of a short space would be fatal. That no time might be lost, I ran myself for a physician, while the woman of the house hastened to get some cordial, which I directed should be given her instantly, if it could be procured; apprehending, that want of the necessaries of life had done more towards reducing her to this miserable condition, than even her disorder. In a few minutes I returned with the physician; who assured me there was not the least danger, now that she had assistance. This was balm to my heart, and gave me the sincerest joy I ever felt. After having caused her to swallow a little, I ordered her to her landlady's bed, and giving strict charge to her, left her, having paid a little in advance. My impatience would not let me remain long before I returned to see the poor creature. When I entered the room, the nurse told me she was in a sweet sleep, and had been for some hours. I ventured, however, to approach the bed; and undrawing the curtain gently, sat down by her; where I gazed on her for some time with tender

sympathy. The interval of my absence, though short, had made a wonderful alteration; instead of a pale death colour, she had now a blooming countenance. She lay with one arm under her head, and the other extended on the bed cloaths; and in this posture, exhibited to my view a finer picture than ever was drawn by the hand of a Titian, or the pen of an Ovid. The peculiar style of languishment her lovely face expressed, was infinitely more touching than the most confirmed health:

Ev'ry beauty soften'd, ev'ry grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed.

What must be my sensations at so bewitching a scene, may be guessed by any one who has relieved beauty in distress; but what were the feelings of my soul, none but those of an exalted mind can form any conception of. 'Yes, tender unfortunate,' said I, 'I will protect thee, I will be thy friend, I will watch over thee as thy guardian angel; and, if possible, thy future days shall be as happy, as thy former ones were miserable. Ah, no,' said she, (in

(in faint, but the sweetest accent I ever heard) 'there is no penitence will ever atone for my sins: they have been too great for pardon; and, though committed in the course of a few days, ages of repentance will not blot them out.' Here she stopped, and gave way to some tears that had been gathering from the time I began to speak. After having comforted her, I gave her a little money for present use; and promised her a place for her future living. I then left her, pleased to the heart at having rescued a fellow creature from the jaws of death.

CHARACTER OF THE VIRTUOUS MAN.

HE who, in his youth, improves his intellectual powers in the search of truth and useful knowledge; and refines and strengthens his moral and active powers, by the love of virtue, for the service of his friends, his country and mankind; who is animated by true glory, exalted by sacred friendship for social, and softened by

virtuous love, for domestic life; who lays his heart open to every other mild and generous affection, and who, to all these, adds a sober masculine piety, equally remote from superstition and enthusiasm; that man enjoys the most agreeable youth; and lays in the richest fund for the honourable action, and happy enjoyment of the succeeding periods of life.

He who, in MANHOOD, keeps the defensive and private passions under the wisest restraints; who forms the most select and virtuous friendships; who seeks after fame, wealth and power in the road of truth and virtue, and, if he cannot find them in that road, generously despises them; who, in his private character and connections, gives fullest scope to the tender and manly passions, and in his public character and connections, serves his country and mankind, in the most upright and disinterested manner: who, in fine, enjoys the goods of life with the greatest moderation, bears its ills with the greatest fortitude; and in those various circumstances of duty and trial maintains and expresses an habitual and supreme reverence and love of God, that man is the worthiest character in this stage of
of

of life; passes through it with the highest satisfaction and dignity; and paves the way to the most easy and honourable old age.

Finally, he who, in the **DECLINE OF LIFE**, preserves himself most exempt from the chagrins incident to that period; cherishes the most equal and kind affections; uses his experience, and authority in the most fatherly and venerable manner; acts under a sense of the inspection, and with a view to the approbation of his Maker; is daily aspiring after immortality, and ripening apace for it, and sustains his part with integrity and consistency to the last, quits the stage with a modest and graceful triumph; this is the best, this is the happiest old man.

Therefore that whole life of youth, manhood and old age, which is spent after this manner, is the best and the happiest life.



PATERNAL



P A T E R N A L F O R G I V E N E S S .

IN the west of England lived Mr. Spencer, a gentleman of handsome fortune, who was left a widower at an early age with one infant daughter. The only consolation he felt after the loss of a partner whom he entirely loved, was in the contemplation of the opening charms and graces of his little Maria, who soon promised to become all that he had so much admired in her deceased mother. He attended to her education with the utmost care and assiduity; procuring her instructors of every kind, of approved merit, and often taking that pleasing office upon himself, for which his good sense and knowledge eminently fitted him.

With these advantages she grew up lovely and accomplished in an uncommon degree; and seemed in every respect formed to compleat the warmest wishes of a parent. He accordingly doated on her with the extremest fondness, and formed no other desire or purpose in life, but that of seeing her happily and honourably established.

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In pursuit of this design he did not, like most parents, cast his eyes on wealth or rank. Convinced from impartial observations, that happiness in the conjugal state is only to be expected from a mutual confirmed relish for sober and rational felicity, the first and greatest requisite he looked for in a son-in-law was a mind formed to steady and habitual virtue. The character usually distinguished by the title of a man of pleasure was therefore the object of his most rooted aversion and dread. Maria had received from nature that dubious gift, a heart of exquisite tenderness and sensibility. This, while it made her return her father's fondness with the warmest filial affection, rendered her also liable to attachments of a stronger and more dangerous kind. Unpractised in the world, she did not look at mankind with the discerning eyes of her father, and where she saw an amiable appearance, she was easily led to imagine that every thing else was correspondent.

A young officer happened to be quartered in the town where she lived, who, to a most pleasing figure and address, added a manner and conversation the most specious and insinuating that could be conceived.

ceived. He appeared all softness and refinement, at the time that his heart was vitiated by the loosest principles, and most confirmed habits of debauchery. Accident gave him an opportunity of commencing an acquaintance with Maria, before her father was aware of the danger to which she was exposed. The impression he made was too strong to be eradicated; and altho' her father, as soon as he discovered the connection, used every art of persuasion, and every exertion of parental authority to dissolve it, he was unable to succeed.

As Mr. Spencer constantly refused his consent to an union, the unhappy consequences of which he clearly foresaw, the lovers had no other resource to gratify their passion than an elopement. It was long before one educated in the habits and principles that had so carefully been implanted in Maria, could resolve upon so rash and guilty a step; but at length it was determined on and effected; and the unfortunate daughter was at length too late convinced of the dreadful exchange she had made, of the caresses of the most indulgent of parents, for the fugitive embraces of an abandoned and faithless husband.

Justly

Justly incensed as her father was, she durst not attempt to soften his resentment, which, founded upon an act of disobedience that overthrew all his dearest hopes, was likely to be stedfast and durable. After suffering a variety of misery, both in mind and body, in following a husband who treated her with brutal neglect, she buried him in a garrison abroad, and returned to England in the utmost indigence the third year after her marriage, with a son about two years old.

She had the good fortune to meet with a comfortable asylum soon after her arrival, at the house of a lady who had been her mother's most intimate friend. By her, she was treated with all the kindness of a parent; and her benefactress, desirous of doing her still more essential service, resolved to attempt the arduous task of reconciling her to her father. As this lady's good sense was equal to her benevolence, she was sensible that in order to succeed in such an attempt, it was not adviseable to make a direct application, which would give resentment an opportunity of being heard as well as natural affection; but first to awaken his paternal feelings, and then urge the suit while

while the impresson was still warm. She had soon an opportunity for executing her plan.

Mr. Spencer, who had always kept up an intercourse of strict friendship with her, came to pay her a visit. It was contrived that Maria's child, one of the loveliest children ever beheld, should carelessly enter the room, and play about among the company. It soon caught the eye of Mr. Spencer, who was always extremely fond of children, and he asked the lady to whom the charming boy belonged, "To a friend of mine," she slightly answered, and turned the discourse to some other subject. The child attracted more and more of Mr. Spencer's notice. He called it to him, set it on his knee, and by several acts of endearment rendered it familiar with him. The boy, pleased with the notice taken of him, exerted all his little powers of engaging, and at length entirely won the heart of his unknown grandfather.

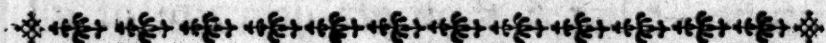
The lady of the house, who had been an attentive though silent observer of this progress of affection, now came up, took the little one in her arms, and kissing it, cried, "Heaven help thee, sweet boy!"
thou

thou hast a troublesome world to struggle through! 'This little child,' continued she, addressing herself to Mr. Spencer, 'has already lost his father—and its mother, a most amiable creature, is left almost destitute of support.' Mr. Spencer was touched to the soul. He took the child from the lady, and embracing it with tears in his eyes—'Heaven help thee, indeed!' says he—'but if thou art destitute of all other friends, I will be a friend to thee! Pray, Madam, will it not be impertinent to enquire more particularly into the circumstances of the lady's situation?' 'She is now in my house, Sir,' says she, 'and will inform you herself.' On this, she rung a bell, when Maria, dressed in deep mourning, entered, and rushing across the room, threw herself at her father's feet. With a voice choaked in tears she could only say, 'Forgive me, Sir, forgive me. He remained a while in suspense, looking first at his daughter, then at the child—at length the tears began to flow; and catching Maria in his arms—'I do forgive thee, my poor child,' says he, 'from my soul I do; all that is past shall be forgot—this little angel makes amends for all.'

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This sudden stroke of felicity was too much for Maria, who fainted in her father's arms. A scene of tender confusion ensued, which however terminated in transports of affection and gratitude; and the lady whose benevolent ingenuity had brought about the happy event, received the most heart-felt satisfaction from her success.

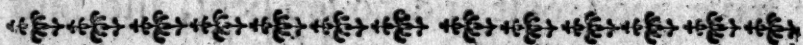


THE CONTENTED PORTER.

A Porter, one day, resting himself, with his load by him, groaned aloud, and 'wished he had five hundred pounds.' 'Why,' says a gentleman who was passing by, 'I will give you five hundred pounds:—and now what will you do with it?' 'Oh,' says the porter, 'I will soon tell you what I will do with it: First, I will have a pint of ale, and a toast and nutmeg, every morning for my breakfast.' 'Well, and what time will you get up?' 'Oh, I have been used to be up at five or six o'clock, so I will do that now.' 'Well, what will you do after breakfast?' 'Why,

‘Why, I will fetch a walk till dinner.’
 ‘And what will you have for dinner?’
 ‘Why, I will have a good dinner; I will
 ‘have good roast and boiled beef, and some
 ‘carrots and greens—and I will have a full
 ‘pot every day; and then I will smoke a
 ‘pipe.’ ‘Well, and then perhaps you
 ‘will take a nap.’ ‘May be I may—No,
 ‘I will not take a nap; I will fetch another
 ‘walk till supper.’ ‘Well, and what will
 ‘you have for supper?’ ‘I do not know—
 ‘I will have more beef, if I am hungry; or
 ‘else I will have a Welch-rabbit, and ano-
 ‘ther full pot of beer.’—‘Well, and then?’
 ‘Why then I will go to bed, to be sure.’
 ‘Pray how much now may you earn a
 ‘week by your business?’ ‘Why, master,
 ‘I can make you eighteen shillings a week.’
 ‘Will not you be tired now, do you think,
 ‘after a little while, in doing nothing every
 ‘day?’ ‘I do not know, master; I have
 ‘been thinking so.’—‘Well then, let me
 ‘propose a scheme to you.’ ‘With all
 ‘my heart, Master.’—‘Cannot you do all
 ‘this every day, as you are, and employ
 ‘your time into the bargain?’ ‘Why,
 ‘really, so I can master, I think, and so
 I 2 take

‘take your five hundred pounds again, and
‘thank you.’



A remarkable Instance of FILIAL INGRATITUDE and ACCIDENTAL REFORMATION.

A Worthy old gentleman, who had by inflexible industry acquired a large fortune, with great reputation; at length declining business, devoted his sole attention to the settlement of an only son, of whom he was uncommonly fond. In a little time he married him to a woman of family; and judging of the son's affection by his own, made over every shilling he was worth to the young gentleman, desiring nothing more than to be a witness of his happiness in the same house, and depending upon his gratitude for any cursory trifle he might want for the private use of his purse. The son had not been married however above six weeks, before he was under the sole dominion of his wife, and prevailed upon to treat the old gentleman

man with the most mortifying neglect. If he wanted the carriage for an airing, why, truly—‘My lady has engaged it.’ If he desired to mix in any little party of pleasure, they were quite full. He was suffered to sit whole evenings without being spoken to; at table he was obliged to call three or four times for a glass of wine, or a bit of bread; and if ever he entered into a narrative of any transaction which occurred in his youth, his obliging daughter-in-law immediately broke in upon him, and politely introduced a conversation upon something else. This unpardonable contempt was at last carried to such a degree, that his cough was complained of as troublesome; and under the pretence that his tobacco-box was insupportable, he was requested to eat in his own room.

Four or five years passed on in this manner, which were rendered a little tolerable by the birth of a grandson, a most engaging boy, who from the moment he was capable of distinguishing, seemed to be very fond of the old gentleman; and, by an almost instinctive attachment, appeared as if providentially designed to atone for the unnatural ingratitude of it's father. He was now

turned four; when one day some persons of fashion dining at the house, the old gentleman who knew nothing of the company, came down into the back-parlour to enquire for his little favourite, who had been two whole hours out of his apartment: he had no sooner opened the door, than his dutiful son, before a room full of people, asked him how he dare break in upon him without leave, and desired him to get instantly up about his business. The old gentleman withdrew, according to order, returned to his own room, and gave a very hearty freedom to his tears.

Little Tommy, who could not bear to hear his grand-papa chided at such a rate, followed him instantly; and observing how heartily he sobbed, came crying down to the parlour, and before the whole company bawled out,—‘Papa has made poor grand-papa break his heart; he will cry his eyes out above stairs.’ The son, who was really ashamed of his conduct, especially as he saw no signs of approbation in the faces of his friends, endeavoured to put on an easy appearance on the affair, and brazen it out, turning round, therefore, to the child, he desired him to carry a blanket to
grand-

grand-papa, and bid him go beg. 'Ay, but I will not give him all the blanket,' returned the child. 'Why so, my dear?' says the father. 'Because,' answered he, 'I shall want half for you, when I grow up to be a man, and turn you out of doors!' The child's reproof stung the father to the soul, and held up at once both the cruelty and ingratitude of his conduct in their proper dyes: nay, the wife seemed affected, and wanted words. A good-natured tear dropped from more than one of the company, who seized this opportunity of condemning, in a very candid manner, their behaviour to so affectionate a father, and so bountiful a friend; and, in short, made them so heartily ashamed of themselves, that the old gentleman was immediately sent for by both, who, in the presence of all, most humbly entreated his forgiveness for every thing past, and promised the business of their lives would be to oblige him in future. The poor old gentleman's joy threatened now to be much more fatal than his affliction a little before; he looked upon his son and daughter for some time, with a mute astonishment, mixed with a tenderness impossible to be described; and then

then, fixing his eyes upon the company, with a wildness of inconceivable rapture, snatched up his little Tommy to his bosom, who joined him in a hearty flood of tears.



ORASMIN AND ALMIRA,

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

SON of man, learn resignation to the appointments of Providence; nor dare to drop a murmur at the dispensations of the Most Just. Think not of disputing with the wisdom of Infinity; nor dream of wresting the vindictive thunderbolt from the dread right hand of God.

In the city of Bagdad, so celebrated by the sages of antiquity, lived Orasmin, the son of Ibrahim, whose name was an aromatic that perfumed the remotest corners of the East. His person was as noble as the rising oak in the forest, and his mind as unsullied as a meridian beam from the sun; his bounty wiped away the tear from the eye of the fatherless, nor did the mourning of the widow ever pass unregarded at his

his gate. To sum up his character at once, complacency and benevolence were always seated on his brow; and humanity was a virtue so natural to his heart, that it formed the very core and twisted round the strings. Thus amiable, it was no wonder, that by all who saw him he should be instantly admired; and thus deserving, no way strange that by all who knew him he should be cordially respected and beloved.

Among a variety of virgins who languished for Orasmin, Almira, a damsel of Balsora, newly arrived at Bagdad, was the only person blessed with a reciprocal esteem. The blush of the morning was less rosy than her cheek, and the diamond of Golconda not so brilliant as her eye; her bosom was as white as the swan upon the waters, and gentle as the midsummer murmur of the stream. How oft, O ye groves of Balsora, have you echoed with the fame of her beauty! How oft, O ye vallies of Bagdad, have ye resounded with her praise! You know that her voice would chain the tiger of the desert, and unnerve the wild stag as he darted from the hill; you know that the spices of Ormus could not equal her

her in breath, nor the daughters of Paradise excel her in dignity and grace.

Orafmin and Almira were not more distinguished for their merit, than remarkable for their loves; and as neither had any parent living to oppose their wishes, a day was appointed for the celebration of their nuptials, to the universal satisfaction of their friends. Orafmin, all impatient for possessing the only object that had ever engrossed his heart, longed for the happy hour with the utmost anxiety, and feasted his imagination continually with the raptures he was to experience in the arms of Almira. She, not less impatient, though more confined in her expressions of the approaching felicity, painted equally warm to her fancy, the uninterrupted enjoyment of all she held dear, and counted over the weeks, the months, and the years, she had a probable expectation of passing in the tenderest intercourse with her adored Orafmin. But, alas! while our lovers were thus enhancing the present, by reflecting on the future, an order arrived for Almira to attend the Caliph, who had for some time been entertained with various reports of her unparalleled beauty, and wanted to see if the encomiums lavished

lavished so frequently upon her were just. Neither her religion, nor her allegiance could allow her to form any excuse for not attending the *Commander of the Faithful*, much less admit of a resolution to disobey; he was worshipped with an implicit reverence, as a successor of the holy Mahomet, by all his people, and his word was ever looked upon as the irrevocable voice of Fate. Almira, therefore, was immediately carried, with a bleeding heart, to the palace; and the moment she was beheld by the Caliph, declared the favourite of his queens. It is not in language to tell the distraction of the two lovers, at being thus unexpectedly torn for ever from each other's arms..

The moment Orasmin heard that his Almira had captivated the Caliph, he looked upon the business of life to be entirely over; and, unable to support the inexpressible agonies of his own mind, considered the angel of death as the only minister of repose: for two whole days and nights he wandered through the various rooms of his house, in an absolute state of phrenzy, calling out at every interval, in the most passionate tone, on the name of his ravished

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ed Almira. On the third day, growing somewhat calmer, he began to reflect on all the circumstances of his past life, in order to find out in what particular he had given Mahomet such unpardonable offence, as to meet with so severe a chastisement at his hands. After revolving a long time, and finding nothing but some youthful indiscretions to answer for, which were infinitely overbalanced by a number of meritorious actions, he insensibly dropped upon one knee, and began to expostulate in the following manner with his God —

‘ Thou great Creator of the universe,
‘ who sittest enthroned above the seven
‘ heavens, where even the conception of no
‘ prophet but the holy Mahomet can dare
‘ to soar; look down in mercy on a wretch,
‘ who numbers himself with the most un-
‘ happy of human beings, though he has
‘ constantly maintained the deepest reve-
‘ rence for thy laws; tell him, O thou in-
‘ finitely High, ! inform him, O thou in-
‘ expressibly Just ! why he who has ever
‘ made it his unalterable study to deserve
‘ thy awful sanction on his deeds, is deem-
‘ ed to suffer what the most infamous pro-
‘ phaner of thy divine will would look
‘ upon

‘ upon as a severity, and confidently ex-
 ‘ claim, was too great a punishment for
 ‘ the most enormous of his crimes.

Oraşmin had scarcely ended, when a clap
 of thunder shook the house, and an unusual
 brightness lightened the room, where he
 still continued on his knee, astonished at
 this apparent message from the Deity.
 When he recovered himself a little, a voice,
 as awful as the trumpet of heaven, desired
 him carefully to attend, and thus went on:

— ‘ Cease, O mistaken man, to doubt the
 ‘ mercy and justice of the Supreme Being,
 ‘ who, though he acts by unknown springs
 ‘ and secret severities, is ever watchful
 ‘ for the happiness of the virtuous, and per-
 ‘ fectly consistent in all his laws. Consi-
 ‘ der, Oraşmin, that this world is a tran-
 ‘ sitory bubble, which must shortly burst
 ‘ upon the ocean of time; that it is at best
 ‘ but a short voyage, in which every pas-
 ‘ senger must meet with some disagreeable
 ‘ gales, in order to prove his dependence
 ‘ on the hand of Infinite Goodness, and
 ‘ shew that he is worthy of entering into
 ‘ an everlasting port. Without some ad-
 ‘ verse storms to ruffle the sea of life, the
 ‘ tide of prosperity would frequently swell

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‘ the

' the creature into a forgetfulness of the
 ' Creator, and reduce him to a more dan-
 ' gerous situation than the bitterest blast
 ' he can experience will ever bring him to
 ' — a total indifference of his God. Out
 ' of mercy, therefore, a variety of shoals
 ' and quicksands are thrown in his way,
 ' which keeping the sense of his dependence
 ' of the Divine Being constantly alive in
 ' this world, put him in a capacity of steer-
 ' ing his bark in the proper channel, and
 ' enables him to arrive at endless happiness
 ' in the next. But, abstracted from this
 ' general order in the state of things, know,
 ' Orasmin, that because thou wert a pecu-
 ' liar favourite of heaven, it was decreed
 ' to snatch Almira from thy arms: she
 ' was, O man, thy sister. Ibrahim, thy
 ' father, journeying to Balsora, was ad-
 ' mitted to the Cady's wife, and the pro-
 ' duct of their guilty commerce was Al-
 ' mira. Here again observe the kindness
 ' of heaven, even in its very severities,
 ' which, in order to deter the parent from
 ' the commission of enormities, denounces
 ' a judgment against what he values more
 ' highly than worlds, his race. Orasmin,
 ' be comforted; I have visited Almira, and
 ' informed

‘informed her of these things; she is at ease, remain thou so too, and remember never again to doubt the goodness of Providence, which in its own time will reward those who place their confidence in its hands.’ Orasmin after this lived many years in happiness, and left many children, who succeeded to his virtues and fortune; the eldest of whom was Grand Vizier to the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, and ordered these matters to be recorded in the histories of Bagdad.



The fatal Effects of PRECIPITATION.

A Hermit, after long experience of the uncomfortableness of a solitary life, had a mind to become a husband, and consulted on the occasion a person well acquainted with that state.

His friend told him the resolution was judicious, there being many advantages resulting from matrimony. That it subdued unlawful desires, which are continually obtruding themselves upon the imagination

in a state of celibacy ; moreover, that justice requires us to perpetuate in our posterity those blessings which we have received from our ancestors ; besides, that a virtuous woman is the ornament of a man's house, and the comfort of his life. But, says he, be careful in making your choice.

The hermit asked him, of what condition she should be ? He replied. Take the daughter of a religious friendly man, whom you may make your confidant upon all occasions. But have nothing to say to three kinds of women—A widow, if she is always extolling her deceased husband ; neither a woman whose relations have conferred favours upon you ; nor one who, whenever she sees you, speaks in a faint tone, and affects a delicate languid air.

He thanked his friend for imparting so much of his experience in the ways of women ; and begged he would farther instruct him in regard to what age was most eligible. His friend answering, said—‘ Make choice of a young girl, for the company of an old woman sickens and debilitates a man. The Sages say, there are the fairest prospects of happiness and safety with women from fourteen to twenty years
of

of age; from twenty to thirty they are peaceable and quiet; from thirty to forty they covet children and wealth; from forty to fifty they are ambitious of fame, and are full of tricks and hypocrisy: but a wife turned of fifty, is the plague of a man's life, and the destruction of his reputation and fortune.' The hermit then made enquiry as to her person. Says the friend, 'the most valuable properties of a wife are virtue and good nature, so that she who possesses not these qualities, though beautiful as an angel, will prove a curse for life. But a woman of a good disposition, be she ever so ugly, is an inestimable treasure.'

To shorten the story—The hermit, after a long search, had the good fortune to marry a girl well connected, and of an amiable turn of mind.

He was then impatient to have children; but seeing no appearance of his hopes being fulfilled, he incessantly prayed God to bestow upon him a son. At length his wife became pregnant. The hermit, filled with delight, was always talking about his son.

One day, says he to his wife, I now hope we shall soon have a sweet beautiful boy, that I may give him a suitable name. I shall take infinite pleasure in labouring to

furnish means for his education, and I will teach him so to tread in the paths of righteousness, that he shall become a guide to the faithful; he shall marry some great man's daughter, whose children will make me a grandfather, and may become conspicuous, through the splendor of their actions.

The wife reproved him, for letting his tongue run at this idle rate, and told him to have a care, lest he should be like the Derveish with his oil. He desired her to tell the story, which she did in the following manner:



Story of the DERVEISH and the JAR of OIL.

A Derveish inhabited a hut in the neighbourhood of a shopkeeper, whose bounty enabled him to live comfortably. Every day when the shopkeeper sold oil, he gave a small quantity to the Derveish, who expended part, and kept the rest in a jar.

One day, finding the jar full of oil, he said to himself, 'If there were ten maunds, I would sell them for ten direms. With this money I would buy five sheep; these five sheep would breed every six months, and

‘and each bring me two lambs every
‘time, which in the course of a year
‘would amount to twenty; so that in ten
‘years I shall possess a flock; part of the
‘flock I will sell, and maintain myself with
‘the produce in a splendid manner. I will
‘then demand in marriage the daughter of
‘some grandee. In nine months, she will
‘bring me a son. Him I will educate my-
‘self, and instruct in every branch of sci-
‘ence. Should he prove untractable, I will
‘so belabour him with the stick that I now
‘hold in my hand’—Whilst the Dervish
was so totally lost in delusion, that he ima-
gined his incorrigible unborn son to be
really present, his stick struck with vio-
lence against the jar, (which he had placed
upon a shelf opposite to where he was
sitting) dashed it in pieces, and the oil came
pouring down upon him.

I have told this story, says the wife, to
shew that we ought not to make idle pre-
mature calculations.

The story awakened the hermit from his
reverie.

At length his wife was delivered of a
fine boy. He returned thanks to God, and
made

made grateful offerings. Day and night was he about the cradle; so that his whole time was spent in nursing.

One day the mother, upon going to the bath, committed the infant to the father's care, entreating him not to stir from the cradle till she came back.

The wife was hardly departed, before the king who then reigned, sent for the husband. Since it was impossible to delay obeying the royal summons, he went to court, after having entrusted the child to the care of a favourite mongoose, who had been bred up in the family. No sooner was he out of sight, than a large snake made its appearance, and was crawling towards the cradle. When the mongoose saw the child's life in danger, he instantly seized the snake by the back of the neck, and destroyed it. Soon after, when the hermit returned from court, the mongoose, who had been wallowing in the snake's blood, conscious of the good he had done, ran out to meet his master. The man seeing the mongoose stained with blood, imagined he had killed the child, and without making any further reflection or enquiry, struck the poor little faithful animal such a blow

a blow with his stick; that he instantly expired. When he came into the house, and saw the child safe, and the snake dead by the side of the cradle, he smote his breast for grief, accusing himself of rashness and ingratitude towards the mongoose. Whilst he was uttering these woeful lamentations in comes his wife, who having learnt the cause of his distress, blames him for his want of reflection. He confesses his indiscretion, but begs her not to add reproaches to his distress, as reproof could now avail nothing: 'True (says she) advice can be of no service in the present instance: but I want to rouse your mind to reflection; that you may reap instruction from your misfortunes. Shame and repentance are the sure consequences of precipitation and want of reflection, which is well exemplified in the story of the king and the hawk.'



The Story of the KING and the HAWK.

I Have heard that a king of Persia had a favourite hawk. Being one day on a hunting party with the hawk upon his hand, a deer started up before him; he let the hawk

hawk fly, and followed it with great eagerness, till at length the deer was taken. The courtiers were all left behind in the chase. The king being thirsty, rode about in quest of water, till having reached the foot of a mountain, he discovered some trickling down in drops from the rock. He took a little cup out of his quiver, and held it to catch the water. Just when the cup was filled, and he was going to drink, the hawk shook his pinions, and overset the cup. The king was vexed at the accident, and again applied the cup to the hole in the rock. When the cup was replenished, and he was lifting it to his mouth, the hawk clapped his wings, and threw it down, at which the king was so enraged, that he flung the bird with such force against the ground, that he expired.

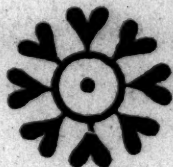
‘ At this time the table decker came up. He took a napkin out of his budget, wiped the cup, and was going to give the king some water to drink. The king said he had a great inclination to taste the pure water that distilled through the rock, but not having patience to wait for its being collected by drops, he ordered the table-decker

decker to go to the top of the mountain and fill the cup at the fountain head.

‘The table-decker having reached the top of the mountain, saw a large dragon lying dead at the spring, and his poisonous foam mixing with the water fell in drops through the rock. He descended, related the fact to the king, and presented him with a cup of cold water out of his flaggon.

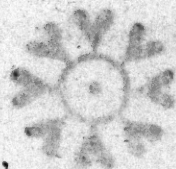
‘When the king lifted the cup to his lips, the tears gushed from his eyes. He then related to the table-decker the adventure of the hawk, made many reflections upon the destructive consequences of precipitancy and thoughtlessness, and during the remainder of his life, the arrow of regret was continually rankling in his breast.’

The husband, thus instructed by the good counsel of his wife, ever after guarded himself against those indiscretions to which he had before been addicted.



the other to go to the top of the mountain
 and fill the cup at the fountain head.
 The latter, however, having reached the
 top of the mountain, saw a large dragon
 lying dead at the spring, and his horses
 being mixing with the water fell in drops
 through the rock. He descended, twisted
 the knot to the left, and presented him
 with a cup of cold water out of the dragon.
 When the king lifted the cup to his
 lips, the knot pulled from his eyes. He
 then retired to the table, where the adven-
 ture of the hawk, made many reflections
 upon the difference of consequences of tri-
 bute and disobedience, and during
 the remainder of his life, the arrow of
 regret was continually raining in his
 breast.

The husband, instructed by the good
 counsel of his wife, ever after con-
 tinued against those hypotheses to which
 he had before been attached.



MODERN BEAUTIES

I N
V E R S E.

THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the wood,
Attendant on the spring!
Now heav'n repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flow'rs,
When heav'n is fill'd with music sweet
Of birds among the bow'rs.

L

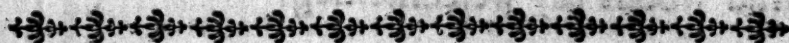
The

The school-boy, wand'ring in the wood
 To pull the flow'rs so gay,
 Starts thy curious voice to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fly'st the vocal vale,
 An annual guest, in other lands,
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bow'r is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear ;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year !

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee,
 We'd make with social wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the spring.



THE ANCIENT BRITON.

WHEN Rome's fierce chieftains, long
 withstood in vain,
 Had spread their conquering eagles o'er the land
 They swept away her youthful warlike train,
 And rul'd the remnant with an iron hand.

Long

Long they by tyranny their power maintain'd ;
In every clime their banners were unfurl'd ;
In every clime with blood their swords were
 stain'd,
Deaf to the misery of a groaning world.

At length by luxury and vice subdu'd,
The nations round, impatient of their yoke,
In Roman blood, with joy their hands imbru'd,
And, fir'd by freedom, from their bondage
 broke.

Then, as some fabric reaching to the skies,
Whose base, unable to sustain its weight,
Tumbles to atoms, never more to rise,—
Fell the vast structure of the Roman state.

Soon as the Roman legions were withdrawn,
The empire's dissolution to delay,
The Britons, robb'd of hope's reviving dawn,
Became to each rapacious foe a prey.

With grief they cast their anxious eyes around ;
The Saxon Brothers* offer'd them redress:
From them a moment's flattering aid they found,
But in the end whole ages of distress.

For they, enamour'd of the fertile prize,
To solemn oaths disdain'd all respect,
Broke fiercely through such ever-sacred ties,
And slaughter'd those whom justice bid protect.

* Hengist and Horsa.

Here many an age contentiously they reign'd,
In separate states dividing out the land ;
Till one superior sole dominion gain'd,*
And o'er the rest assum'd supreme command.

At length the Dane, on this inviting coast,
Pour'd forth his children like a mighty flood ;
A barb'rous race, to nature's feelings lost,
Who mark'd their steps with rapine and with blood.

The Norman next, a chief of vast renown,
To England's throne preferr'd a feeble claim:
With daring hand he sought to seize the crown,
While conquest saw, and sanctified his aim.

From him a line of kings successive rose ;
Edwards and Henrys, names for ever dear !
Whose martial prowess aw'd remotest foes,
And struck contiguous nations pale with fear.

Thy sons, O Gaul ! have by their valour bled,
When violated compacts rais'd their ire ;
Thy kings by them have been in bondage led ;
Thy proudest cities have been wrapt in fire.

But not for arms alone was England fam'd ;
Here sacred Science rear'd with joy her head ;
Sweet Liberty each British breast inflam'd ;
And golden Commerce wide her treasure spread.

* Egbert.

Here bright religion burst the fable chain,
Which many ages she with grief had worn;
When superstition with her horrid train
Before her fled, as darkness flies the morn.

But though this sacred isle increas'd in wealth
and power,

And rose with such accumulated grace;
Yet still her splendid, her meridian hour,
Was held reserv'd for Brunswick's royal race.

Sprung from her kings to vindicate her laws
The people's hopes were placed on them alone;
They nobly came, asserted freedom's cause,
And, fix'd by virtue, firmly fix'd the throne.

Already two* their glorious course have run,
With laurels crown'd and full of happy days;
The third ascending like the morning sun,
Beams o'er his subjects with auspicious rays.

Blest in a consort, whose illustrious mind
Description fails in her attempts to sing;
Blest in a blooming offspring, where combin'd,
The Loves, the Virtues, and the Graces spring.

See'st thou where proudly yonder spires† ascend;
'Tis there the King, a Briton born, resides;
Whose various isles and provinces extend,
As far as ocean rolls his foaming tides.

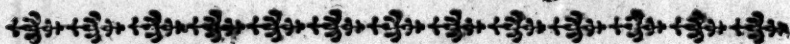
* George the First and Second.

† London.

But future times will best his deeds emblaze ;
 When free from guile fair history shall contend
 With heav'n-born Poetry, who most shall
 praise,
 The King, the Husband, Father and the Friend.

Yet, in an empire of such vast extent,
 By faction led, rebellion will ensue ;
 Extraneous wars no wisdom can prevent,
 Nor aught but manly fortitude subdue.

But soon, I trust, the æra will appear,
 When kindred blood to flow around shall cease ;
 When treach'rous Gaul shall shake with guilty
 fear,
 And proud Iberia supplicate for peace.



FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

I.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my song,
 To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
 And who the happy pairs,
 Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
 Find blessings twisted with their bands,
 To soften all their cares.

II.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
 That thoughtless fly into the chains,
 As custom leads the way :

If

If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest'd as they.

III.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould,
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move :
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

IV.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames ; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy :
On Etna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed,
T' improve the burning joy.

V.

Not the dull pairs, whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands :
Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,
Are marry'd just like stoic souls,
With oars for their bands.

VI.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless :
As well may heav'nly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none beside the bass.

VII. Not

VII

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
 Two jarring souls of angry mould;
 The rugged and the keen;
 Sampson's young foxes might as well
 In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
 With firebrands ty'd between.

VIII.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
 A gentle to a savage mind,
 For love abhors the fight:
 Loose the fierce tyger from the deer,
 For native rage and native fear
 Rise and forbid delight.

IX.

Two kindest souls alone must meet;
 'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
 And feeds their mutual loves:
 Bright Venus on her rolling throne
 Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
 And Cupids yoke the doves.



DIRGE

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

I.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom;
And rife all the breathing spring.

II.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd-lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love:

III.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

IV.

The red-breast oft' at ev'ning hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid:

V.

When howling winds and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

VI.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn till Pity's self be dead.

THE

THE PET.

MAMMA's sole comfort, all her joy,
 Was center'd in one darling boy;
 She doated on her petted *Willy*,
 Yet never cub more pert or silly;
 He ne'er was suffer'd to be chid,
 And all was right that *Willy* did:
 The little bird-eggs, plac'd in rows
 High-strung, his many thefts disclose;
 In drowning kittens, torturing flies,
 Destroying nests, with cruelties
 Of a like wanton barbarous sort,
 Were master *Willy's* favourite sport.
 To humour him, mamma intent,
 Gave to each with encouragement;
 Whate'er he ask'd was got to please him,
 She cou'd not bear to fret and teaze him.

One day young *Willy* truant play'd,
 (An adept *Willy* in that trade)
 At noon no darling came to bless
 Mamma, and claim the fond carefs;
 Alarm'd, she sent the village round,—
 No master *Willy* to be found,—
 At length impatient, out she went,
 To chide and lecture fully bent;
 She sought and sought, but all in vain,
 A thousand fears distract her brain,
 When lo! a distant crowd espying,
 As hither she was anxious hying,
 A neighbour

A neighbour met her, with a look
That strongly some disaster spoke :
He told her that her son was drown'd,
His body in the river found ;
That old *Cathartic* passing by,
Had mark'd it with a careful eye,
And, after much observance, said,
" The boy was positively dead."—
Mamma turn'd pale, she ran, she flew,
She found her neighbour's tidings true ;
She beat her bosom, tore her hair,
She rail'd at heav'n, she scream'd despair,
When from a yew-tree near the road,
That in th' adjacent church-yard stood,
A little linnet, sore oppress'd,
The wailing mother thus address'd :

" Thou wretch ! tho' to another's moan
" Thy heart more obdurate than stone,
" You now for your own child can show
" A mother's wild extreme of woe ;
" How many little ones of mine
" To please that savage brat of thine
" Have been tormented, rack'd and torn !
" (Alas ! that ever I was born !)
" For which just heav'n thro' him has sent
" Your long deserved punishment.

" His murderous searchings to elude,
" And save my little unfledg'd brood,
" Deep in a tree that form'd a shade
" Over the stream, my nest I made ;

'Twas

“ 'Twas all in vain, his prying eye
“ Caught my sequester'd privacy ;
“ But in th' attempt my peace to wound,
“ His own too lenient death he found ;
“ Had he surviv'd to plague the earth,
“ You wou'd have curs'd his hour of birth :
“ Filial Ingratitude, that pest,
“ Had plung'd a dagger in your breast :—
“ Hence ! fly ! and on your knees thank heav'n
“ That such a kindly exit's giv'n ;
“ His days prolong'd to man's estate,
“ A halter must have prov'd his fate.

“ Had you, when Reason's dawn began,
“ To goodness form'd the future man,
“ The weeds of vice pluck'd by the root,
“ The moment when observ'd to shoot,
“ And by example mark'd the road
“ That leads to Virtue's bright abode,
“ He then had prov'd a different creature,
“ For custom gives a second nature.

“ You are his murd'rer :—'Tis to you
“ His crimes and death are chiefly due.”

An

An Evening Address to a NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird! that, kindly perching near,
 Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
 Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
 The melancholy haunts of woe;

Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:
 For, surely, thou hast known to prove,
 Like me, the pangs of hapless love;
 Else why so feelingly complain,
 And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the
 grove?

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
 That oft' enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
 Or has the cruel hand of Fate
 Bereft thee of thy darling young?

Alas! for both I weep:
 In all the pride of youthful charms,
 A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!
 A lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless,
 And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
 At once the source of rapture and distress,
 The flattering prop of my declining years!
 In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
 By ev'ry art that science could devise;
 Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
 And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies.
 Then, oh! our comforts be the same,
 At evening's peaceful hour,
 To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame;
 And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bow'r.

M

But

But why, alas ! to thee complain,
 To thee—unconscious of my pain ?
 Soon shall thou cease to mourn thy lot severe,
 And hail the dawning of a happier year :
 The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring
 Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing ;
 Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
 Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy
 love.

But oh ! for me in vain may seasons roll,
 Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears :
 Deploring still the comfort of my soul,
 I count my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou syren Hope, deceiver say,
 Where is the promis'd period of my woes ?
 Full three long ling'ring years have roll'd away,
 And yet I weep, a stranger to repose :
 O what delusion did thy tongue employ !
 " That EMMA's fatal pledge of love,
 " Her last bequest, with all a mother's care,
 " The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
 " Soften the horrors of despair,
 " And cheer a heart long lost to joy !"

How oft, when fondling in my arms,
 Gazing enraptur'd on its angel face,
 My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
 And burn with all a father's fond alarms !
 And oh what flatt'ring scenes had fancy feign'd !
 How did I rave of blessings yet in store !
 Till ev'ry aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
 And my full heart could bear, nor tongue
 could utter more. " Just

"Just heav'n! I cry'd, with recent hopes elate,
 "Yet will I live—will live, tho' EMMA's dead;
 "So long bow'd down beneath the storms of
 " fate,
 "Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!
 "My little EMMA, now my all,
 "Will want a father's care;
 "Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recal,
 "And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear:
 "And oft together we'll complain,
 "Complaint the only bliss my soul can
 " know,
 "From me my child shall learn the mournful
 " strain,
 "And prattle tales of woe.
 "And, oh! in that auspicious hour,
 "When Fate resigns her persecuting pow'r,
 "With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
 "No more to weep, my sorrow-streaming
 " eyes,
 "When death gives misery repose,
 "And opes a glorious passage to the skies."
 Vain thought! it must not be—the too is dead;
 The flatt'ring scene is o'er;
 My hopes for ever, ever fled;
 And vengeance can no more.
 Crush'd by misfortune, blasted by disease,
 And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
 To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
 Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart!

Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,
With lenient hand (oh falsely deem'd severe),
Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
And dry up ev'ry tear.
Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
But, ah ! from my affections far remov'd !
The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
As if I ne'er had been belov'd ;
As if, unconscious of poetic fire,
I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre,
As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another's grief.
Yet, while this weary life shall last,
While yet my tongue can form the impassion'd strain,
In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,
And dwell with fond delay on blessings past :
For oh how grateful to a wounded heart,
The tale of misery to impart !
From other's eyes bid artless sorrow flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of woe !
Even He *, the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

* Lord LYTTLETON.

LOVE

LOVE ELEGY.

WHEN young, life's journey I began,
The glittering prospect charm'd my
eyes,

I saw along th' extended plan
Joy after joy excessive rise.

And Fame her golden trumpet blew ;
And Pow'r display'd her gorgeous charms ;
And Wealth engag'd my wandering view ;
And Pleasure woo'd me to her arms ;

To each by turns my vows I paid,
As Folly led me to admire ;
While Fancy magnified each shade,
And Hope encreased each fond desire.

But soon I found 'twas all a dream ;
And learn'd the fond pursuit to shun,
Where few can reach their purpos'd aim,
And thousands daily are undone.

And Fame I found was empty air ;
And Wealth had Terror for her guest ;
And Pleasure's path was strew'd with Care ;
And Pow'r was vanity at best.

Tir'd of the chase I gave it o'er ;
And, in a far sequester'd shade,
To Contemplation's sober pow'r
My youth's next services I paid.

There health and peace adorn'd the scene ;
And oft, indulgent to my pray'r,
With mirthful eye and frolic mien
The Muse would deign to visit there.

There would she oft delighted rove
The flower-enamell'd vale along ;
Or wander with me through the grove,
And listen to the woodlark's song :

Or 'mid the forest's awful gloom,
Whilst wild amazement fill'd my eyes,
Recal past ages from the tomb,
And bid ideal worlds arise.

Thus in the Muse's favour blest,
One wish alone my soul could frame,
And Heaven bestow'd, to crown the rest,
A friend, and Thyrsis was his name.

For manly constancy and truth,
And worth, unconscious of a stain,
He bloom'd the flow'r of Britain's youth ;
The boast and wonder of the plain.

Still with our years our friendship grew ;
No cares did then my peace destroy ;
Time brought new blessings as he flew,
And ev'ry hour was wing'd with joy.

But soon the blissful scene was lost,
Soon did the sad reverse appear ;
Love came, like an untimely frost,
To blast the promise of my year, I saw

I saw young Daphne's angel form
 (Fool that I was ! I bless'd the smart)
 And while I gaz'd, nor thought of harm,
 The dear infection seiz'd my heart.

She was at least in Damon's eyes,
 Made up of loveliness and grace ;
 Her heart a stranger to disguise,
 Her mind as perfect as her face.

To hear her speak, to see her move
 (Unhappy I, alas ! the while),
 Her voice was joy, her look was love,
 And Heaven was open'd in her smile !

She heard me breathe my amorous pray'rs,
 She listen'd to the tender strain,
 She heard my sighs, she saw my tears,
 And seem'd at length to share my pain.

She said she lov'd—and I, poor youth !
 (How soon, alas ! can hope persuade)
 Thought all she said no more than truth ;
 And all my love was well repaid.

In joys unknown to courts or kings,
 With her I sat the live-long day,
 And said and look'd such tender things
 As none beside could look or say !

How soon can Fortune shift the scene,
 And all our earthly bliss destroy !
 Care hovers round, and Grief's fell train
 Still treads upon the heels of Joy. My

My age's hope, my youth's best boast,
 My soul's chief blessing and my pride,
 In one sad moment all were lost,
 And Daphne chang'd, and Thyrsis died !

Oh ! who that heard her vows ere while,
 Could dream those vows were insincere !
 Or who could think, that saw her smile,
 That fraud could find admittance there !

Yet she was false—my heart will break ;
 Her fraud, her perjuries were such—
 Some other tongue than mine must speak—
 I have not power to say how much !

Ye swains, hence warn'd, avoid the bait,
 Oh shun her paths, the trait'ers shun !
 Her voice is death, her smile is fate ;
 Who hears or sees her is undone.

And when Death's hand shall close my eye,
 (For soon, I know, the day will come)
 O cheer my spirit with a sigh,
 And grave these lines upon my tomb:



THE EPITAPH.

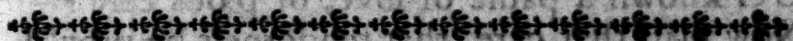
CONSIGN'D to dust, beneath this stone,
 In manhood's prime is Damon laid ;
 Joyless he liv'd, and died unknown,
 In bleak misfortune's barren shade.

Low'd

Lov'd by the Muse, but lov'd in vain,
 'Twas beauty drew his ruin on;
 He saw young Daphne on the plain;
 He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone!

His heart then sunk beneath the storm
 (Said meed of unexampled truth!)
 And sorrow, like an envious worm,
 Devour'd the blossom of his youth.

Beneath this stone the youth is laid—
 O greet his ashes with a tear!
 May Heaven with blessings crown his shade,
 And grant that peace he wanted here!



Pathetic Farewell of LEONIDAS to his
 Wife and Family.

I See I feel thy anguish, nor my soul
 Has ever known the prevalence of love,
 E'er prov'd a father's fondness, as this hour;
 Nor, when most ardent to assert my fame,
 Was once my heart insensible to thee.
 How had it stain'd the honours of my name
 To hesitate a moment, and suspend
 My country's fate, till shameful life prefer'd
 By my inglorious colleague left no choice,
 But what in me were infamy to shun,
 Not virtue to accept! Then deem no more
 That of my love regardless, or thy tears,
 I haste

I haste uncall'd to death. The voice of fate,
The gods, my fame, my country bid me bleed.
—Oh ! thou dear mourner, wherefore streams
afresh

That flood of woe ? Why heaves with sighs
renew'd

That tender breast ? LEONIDAS must fall.

Alas ! far heavier misery impends

O'er thee and these, if soften'd by thy tears

I shamefully refuse to yield that breath,

Which justice, glory, liberty, and heaven

Claim for my country, for my sons, and thee.

Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect

On my paternal fondness. Has my heart

E'er known a pause of love, or pious care ?

Now shall that care, that tenderness be prov'd

Most warm and faithful. When thy husband
dies

For Lacedæmon's safety, thou wilt share,

Thou and thy children, the diffusive good.

Should I, thus singled from the rest of men,

Alone intrusted by th' immortal gods

With power to save a people, should my soul

Desert that sacred cause, thee too I yield

To sorrow and to shame ; for thou must weep

With Lacedæmon, must with her sustain

Thy painful portion of oppression's weight.

Thy sons behold now worthy of their names,

And Spartan birth. Their growing bloom must
pine

In shame and bondage, and their youthful hearts

Beat at the sound of liberty no more

On

On their own virtue, and their father's fame,
When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,
Before the world illustrious shall they rise,
Their country's bulwark, and their mother's
joy.

Here paus'd the patriot. With religious awe
Grief heard the voice of Virtue. No complaint
The solemn silence broke. Tears ceased to flow :
Ceas'd for a moment ; soon again to stream.
For now in arms before the palace rang'd,
His brave companions of the war demand
Their leader's presence ; then her griefs renew'd,
Too great for utterance, intercept her sighs,
And freeze each accent on her fault'ring tongue.
In speechless anguish on the hero's breast
She sinks. On ev'ry side his children press,
Hang on his knees, and kiss his honour'd hand.
His soul no longer struggles to confine
Its strong compunction. Down the hero's cheek,
Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe,
Amid his children, who inclose him round,
He stands indulging tenderness and love
In graceful tears, when thus, with lifted eyes,
Address'd to Heav'n : Thou ever Living Power,
Look down propitious, Sire of gods and men !
And to this faithful woman, whose desert
May claim thy favour, grant the hours of peace.
And thou, my great forefather, son of Jove,
O Hercules, neglect not these thy race !
But since that spirit I from thee derive,

Now

Now bears me from them to resistless fate,
 Do thou support their virtue ! Be they taught,
 Like thee with glorious labour life to grace,
 And from their father let them learn to die !



A DIALOGUE between an ANGEL and
 a DEPARTED SPIRIT.

[WRITTEN BY A BOY FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.]

A N G E L.

LO ! here she comes ! sure Heav'n will ring
 to-day,
 Fall back ye seraphs, make the Stranger way,
 Here take thy seat, and since its next to mine,
 Let us hold converse as we sit and shine.

S P I R I T.

What means this sudden change ? and where's
 my woe ?
 Where am I glittering stranger, let me know ?

A N G E L.

In Heav'n's bless'd shade ; thy doubts will soon
 be clear,
 And long have shining millions wish'd you here.

S P I R I T.

S P I R I T.

If this be Heav'n, as surely seems the case;
 Much have my best Ideas wrong'd the place;
 Could I have thought so soon to have fill'd the
 throne,
 My woes on earth, had cost me ne'er a groan.

A N G E L.

The moment God designs to free from woe,
 Man, while on earth, should never wish to know;
 Each then might urge the moment fix'd was
 wrong,
 This think his time too short, and that, too long;
 Blest secret! that can skill divine supply,
 Patient to live, yet be prepar'd to die,
 Till call'd by summons at that glorious day,
 And at the skies first call to wing away.

S P I R I T.

Well; had I languish'd seventy years below,
 Been ev'ry hour the sport of ev'ry woe;
 An hour, a moment, wrap't with seraphs here,
 Had made divine amends for every tear:
 Ever to shine so near my Saviour's face,
 Oh, the dear blifs! and Oh! the sovereign grace.

A N G E L.

Angels and men on that dear Power depend,
 And, once secur'd, He's an eternal friend:
 N Thy

Thy pray'rs, and tears, thy God was pleas'd to
hear,

I've seen him smiling, as they've reach'd his ear,
And many a seraph, readier none than I,
Shook their glad wings, and wish'd the nod to
fly:

The nod once giv'n; the gates of Heaven flung
wide,

Ætherial op'd, and thou hast fill'd my side.

S P I R I T.

Oh! if my friends on earth my bliss could guess,
What eye could weep, what bosom feel distress?
See; with what anguish they flock round my
bed;

What groans they utter, and what tears they shed.
See, at my pillow my fond mother stands
And thus bemoans her, as she wrings her hands,
My girl! my child! my love! what canst not
hear?

'Tis I! my sweet! why answers not my dear?
Oh sight of woe! all pale and cold she lies,
And found no friendly hand to close her eyes.
Could I have thought, poor heart! she spoke
her last,

Could I have thought, but the dear moment's past
When from my hand last night she took the light,
The curtsy dropt, and said Mamma good night.
Had Heaven indulg'd, but Heav'n what's best
can tell,

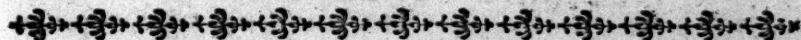
One last dear look, or one dear last farewell,

Or

Or this small boon ; to see my darling die,
 I could have smil'd, and wish'd her safe on High.
 My Sister next ; hark ! what a dismal groan,
 Hangs o'er my corpse, to wish my fate her own :
 And as she spreads her trembling fingers rise,
 To wipe the tears, as trickling from her eyes.
 Sister, she cries ; ah ! sister now no more !
 When will these woes of mine, like thine be
 o'er ?

When shall I reach the realms of blissful day,
 With no kind friend like thee, to teach the way ?
 Hark ! from yon steeple, tolls the fun'ral knell,
 To warn the living where they soon must dwell.
 The coffin enters : in my dust they lay,
 The hearse stands ready, and the coaches stay ;
 The torches blaze amidst a gazing throng,
 See ; the slow fun'ral trail it's pomp along.
 The grave yawns friendly, lov'd remains fare-
 well !

And no smooth lays thy weeping marble tell.



E P I T A P H

ON MRS. MASON,

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BRISTOL.

TAKE holy Earth ! all that my soul holds
 dear ;
 Take that best Gift which Heav'n so lately
 gave ;

N. 2

To

To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
 Her faded form. She bow'd to taste the wave,
 And died. Does Youth, does Beauty read the
 line ?

Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm ?
 Speak dead, Maria ! breathe a strain divine ;
 E'en from the grave thou shalt have pow'r to
 charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee :
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move ;
 And if so fair, from vanity as free,
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love ;
 Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
 ('Twas e'en to thee) yet, the just path once trod,
 Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
 And bids "the pure in heart behold their
 " God."



A N O T H E R.

WHOE'ER like me, with trembling an-
 guish brings

His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's
 springs ;

Whoe'er like me, to sooth disease and pain,

Shall pour the salutary draught in vain ;

Condemn'd like me, to hear the faint reply,

To mark the fading cheek, and sinking eye :

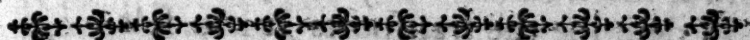
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of
 death,

And

And watch in dumb despair the short'ning
breath :

Ordain'd to love the partner of my breast ;
Whose beauty warm'd me, and whose virtue
blest.

Fram'd every tie, that binds the soul to prove,
Her duty friendship, and her friendship love.
But yet ! rememb'ring, that the parting sigh,
Appoints the just, to slumber, not to die :
The starting tear I check. I kiss the rod,
And not to earth resign her, but to God.



JUNIO AND THEANA.

SOON as young reason dawn'd in JUNIO's
breast,

His father sent him from these genial isles,
To where old Thames with conscious pride
surveys

Green Eton, soft abode of ev'ry Muse:
Each classic beauty soon he made his own,
And soon fam'd Isis saw him woo the Nine,
On her inspiring banks. Love tun'd his song ;
For fair THEANA was his only theme,
ACASTO's daughter, whom in early youth,
He oft distinguish'd ; and for whom he oft
Had clin'd the bending cocoa's airy height,
To rob it of its nectar ; which the maid,

N. 3

When

When he presented, more nectareous deem'd.
 The sweetest sappadillas oft he brought,
 From him more sweet ripe sappadillas seem'd,
 Nor had long absence yet effac'd her form;
 Her charms still triumph'd o'er Britannia's fair.
 One morn he met her in Sheen's royal walks;
 Nor knew, till then, sweet Sheen contain'd his
 all.

His taste mature approv'd his infant choice.
 In colour, form, expression, and in grace,
 She shone all perfect; while each pleasing art,
 And each soft virtue that the sex adorns,
 Adorn'd the woman. My imperfect strain
 Can ill describe the transports JUNIO felt
 At this discovery: he declar'd his love;
 She own'd his merit, nor refus'd his hand.

And shall not Hymen light his brightest torch,
 For this delighted pair? Ah, JUNIO knew,
 His fire detested his THEANA's house;—
 Thus duty, reverence, gratitude, conspir'd
 To check their happy union. He resolv'd
 (And many a sigh that resolution cost)
 To pass the time, till death his fire remov'd
 In visiting old Europe's letter'd climes:
 While she (and many a tear that parting drew)
 Embark'd, reluctant, for her native isle.

Tho' learned, curious, and tho' nobly bent,
 With each rare talent to adorn his mind,
 His native land to serve; no joys he found.
 Yet sprightly Gaul; yet Belgium, Saturn's
 reign;

Yet Greece, of old the seat of ev'ry Muse,

Of

Of freedom, courage; yet Aufonia's clime
His steps explor'd; where painting, music's
 strains;

Where arts, where laws, Philosophy's best child,
With rival beauties his attention claim'd.

To his just judging, his instructed eye,

The all perfect Medicean Venus seem'd

A perfect semblance of his Indian fair :

But when she spoke of love, her voice surpass'd

The harmonious warblings of Italian song.

Twice one long year elaps'd, when letters
 came,

Which briefly told him of his father's death,

Afflicted, filial, yet to Heav'n resign'd,

Soon he reach'd Albion, and as soon embarked,

Eager to clasp the object of his love.

Blow, prosperous breezes; swiftly sail, thou
 Po;

Swift sail'd the Po, and happy breezes blew.

In Biscay's stormy seas an armed ship,

Of force superior, from loud Charente's wave

Clapt them on board. The frighted flying crew

Their colours strike: when dauntless Juno,
 fir'd

With noble indignation, kill'd the chief,

Who on the bloody deck dealt slaughter round,

The Gauls retreat: the Britons loud huzza;

And touch'd with shame, with emulation stung,

So plied their cannon, plied their missile fires,

That soon in air the hapless thunder blew.

Blow, prosperous breezes; swiftly sail, thou
 Po:

May

May no more dangerous fights retard thy way!

Soon Porto Santo's rocky heights they 'spy,
Like clouds dim rising in the distant sky.

Glad Eurus whistles, laugh the sportive crew;

Each sail is set to catch the favouring gale,

While on the yard-arm the harpooner sits,

Strikes the boneta, or the shark ensnares:

The little nautilus, with purple pride

Expands his sails, and dances o'er the waves;

Small winged fishes on the shrouds alight;

And beauteous dolphins gently play'd around.

Tho' faster than the tropic-bird they flew,

Of JUNIO cried, Ah! when shall we see land?

Soon land they made: and now in thought he

clasp'd

His Indian bride, and deem'd his toils o'erpaid:

She, no less anxious, ev'ry evening walk'd

On the cool margin of the purple main,

Intent her JUNIO's vessel to descry.

One eve (faint calms for many a day had rag'd)

The winged Dæmons of the tempest rose;

Thunder, and rain, and lightning's awful power

She fled: could innocence, could beauty claim

Exemption from the grave; the ethereal bolt,

That stretch'd her speechless, o'er the lovely

head

Had innocently roll'd.

Meanwhile, impatient JUNIO leap'd ashore,

Regardless of the Dæmons of the storm.

Ah, youth! what woes, too great for man to

bear,

Are ready to burst on thee? Urge not so

The

The flying courser. Soon THEANA's porch
Received him at his sight, the ancient slaves
Affrighted shriek, and to the chamber point :—
Confounded, yet unknowing what they meant,
He enter'd hasty.

Ah ! what a sight for one who lov'd so well !
All pale and cold, in every feature death,
THEANA lay ; and yet a glimpse of joy
Play'd on her face, while with faint fault'ring
voice,

She thus address'd the youth, whom yet she
knew :

“ Welcome, my JUNIO, to thy native shore !

“ Thy sight repays this summons of my fate :

“ Live, and live happy ; sometimes think of
“ me :

“ By night, by day, you still engag'd my care ;

“ And next to God, you now my thoughts
“ employ :

“ Accept of this—My little all I give ;

“ Would it were larger”—Nature could no
more ;

She look'd, embrac'd him, with a groan ex-
pir'd.

But say, what strains, what language can ex-
press

The thousand pangs, which tore the lover's
breast ?

Upon her breathless corse himself he threw,
And to her clay-cold lips, with trembling haste,
Ten thousand kisses gave. He strove to speak ;
Nor

Nor words he found : he clasp'd her in his arms ;
He sigh'd, he swoon'd, look'd up, and died
away.

One grave contains this hapless faithful pair !
And still the cane-isles tell their matchless love !



AN O D E

TO MEDITATION.

SWEET Child of Reason ! Maid serene ;
With folded arms and pensive mien,
Who, wand'ring near yon thorny wild,
So oft my length'ning hours beguil'd.
How oft with thee I've stroll'd unseen
O'er the lone valley's velvet green ;
And brush'd away the twilight due
That stain'd the cowslip's golden hue.

Oft as I ponder'd o'er the scene,
Would Mem'ry picture to my heart
How full of grief my days have been,
How swiftly rapt'rous hours depart ;
Then would'st thou sweetly reasoning say—
' Time journeys thro' the roughest day.'

The hermit from the world retir'd,
By calm Religion's voice inspir'd,
Tells how serenely time glides on,
From crimson morn till setting sun ;

Within

Within his breast nor sorrows mourn,
Nor cares perplex, nor passions burn;
No jealous fears, or boundless joys,
The tenor of his mind destroys.
He blesses Heaven's benign decree,
That gave his days to Peace and Thee.

The gentle Maid, whose roseate bloom
Fades fast within a cloyster's gloom;
Far by relentless Fate remov'd
From all her youthful fancy lov'd;
Led by Thy downy hand, she strays
Along the green dell's tangled maze;
Where, thro' dank leaves, the whisp'ring show'rs
Awake to life the fainting flow'rs,
Absorb'd by Thee, she hears no more
The distant torrent's fearful roar;
The well-known Vesper's silver tone;
The bleak wind's desolating moan;
No more she weeps at Fate's decree,
But yields her pensive soul to thee.

The Sage, whose palsy'd head bends low
'Midst scatter'd locks of silv'ry snow,
Still by his Mind's clear lustre tells
What warmth within his bosom dwells;
How glows his heart with treasure'd lore,
How rich in Wisdom's boundless store!
He lifts his radiant eyes, which gleam
With Resignation's fainted beam;
And, as the weeping star of Morn
Sheds lustre on the wither'd thorn,

His

His tear benign calm comfort throws
O'er rugged Life's corroding woes ;
His pious soul's enlighten'd rays
Dart forth, to gild his wintry days ;
He smiles serene at Heav'ns decree,
And his last hour resigns to Thee.

Oft my full heart to Thee hath flown,
And wept for mis'ries not its own ;
Oft have I sunk upon thy breast,
And lull'd my weary mind to rest ;
Till I have own'd the blest'd decree,
That gave my soul to Peace and Thee.



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